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THE BYSTANDER, SEPTEMBER 9 1936.

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The Bystander, September 9, 1936 No. 1708. Vol. CXXXI

The Bystander

Norman Parkinson

Mesdemoiselles of "Mademoiselle"

Isabel Jeans, Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson. Three leading ladies. All in one play—*Mademoiselle*, which Jacques Deval wrote a year before *Tovarich*. Audrey and Waveney Carten translated and adapted, Noel Coward produces, and John C. Wilson presents. First night: Wyndham's, Tuesday next

Mr. John Wright and Miss Florrie Owen—

—On the beach with the "Petit Parisien"; he is the stepson of the Master of the South Atherstone, and she is the daughter of art connoisseur Richard Owen—English colonist in Paris—and Mrs. Dupont Coudert

Very Cheerful Picture

Where there's polo there's Mr. Bobby Loewenstein, and there's polo at Biarritz. He is between Mme. Eyzaguirre, wife of the Chilean millionaire, and Mlle. Martine Petit-Leroy

Life Begins at Biarritz

Basking and Bathing as Usual

Handsome Men are Slightly Sunburnt

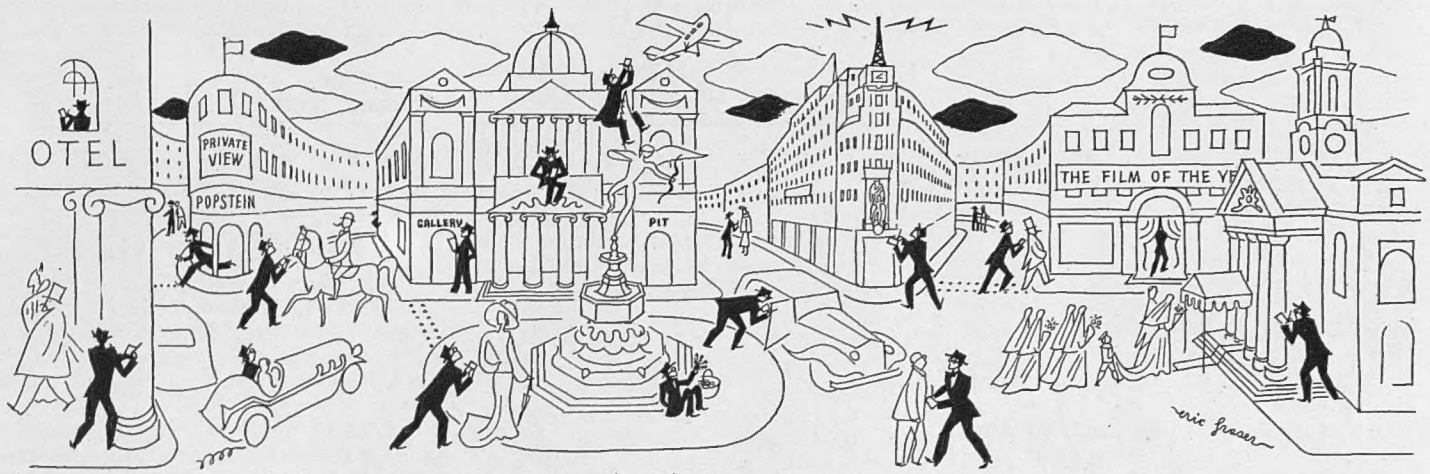
Left: Mr. Christian Dufaur (with towel) was basking with his brother-in-law, Mr. "Ham" O'Malley-Keyes (on sick leave from the Irish Guards) and Mr. Robert Gautier, the polo player

Miss Elizabeth Bowater and Miss Margaret Perkins

Elizabeth Bowater is the twenty-year-old daughter of Mr. Eric Bowater, and Margaret Perkins, of the Godiva hair, was staying in the Bowater's party at the Villa Clara, which they take every year

Right: Mrs. Arthur J. Pack, attractive American wife of the British Commercial Attaché in Madrid, was with Miss Beth Leary (from New York) and Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, who reigns from Meretmont

Queens of Biarritz



THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Spanish horror drags on. The neutral Powers, however, are at last displaying a constructive activity. A committee of eleven nations is to meet in London to supervise the enforcement of non-intervention. Italy has agreed to be one of this committee, but at the moment there are two important abstentions. Germany, which agreed in principle to non-intervention, is one. The other is Portugal. The second of the two is the crucial one. War material is unquestionably being unloaded at Lisbon and sent across country into Spain to General Franco's men. Until this is stopped, the whole idea of international neutrality is nullified.

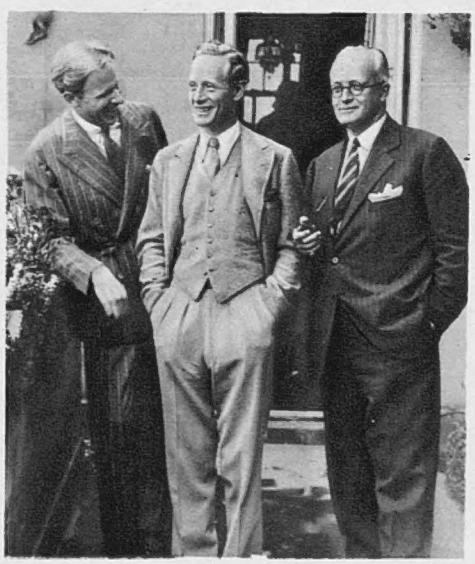
THE neutral Powers are also trying very hard to arrange for the exchange of prisoners, for the stopping of the hostage-system, and for the safety of churches and works of art. Already much has been destroyed that is irreparable, especially in Barcelona. Toledo, Seville, Cordoba, and the Prado in Madrid, are still in danger. Civilisation will lose irreplaceable treasures if they are destroyed.

AN acute observer, who has known Germany for many years and who speaks perfect German, has just returned from a visit to Berlin. He told me that the three things which struck him most as differing from his last year's visit were: (a) the steadily increasing brutalisation of the faces of the middle-aged men who control the Nazi movement; (b) the utter disillusionment of the youth, who had been assured of the imminence of the millennium; (c) the sullen discontent among the Reichswehr.

The *Times* Berlin correspondent reports the same sort of uneasy sullenness. The new two-years' conscription will have to be paid for by increased taxes—and taxes are high enough now in Germany already. According to him the new service and the new taxes "are producing under the surface a mood more hostile to the régime than the German people have displayed for some time."

THE forced resignation from the Roumanian Cabinet of M. Titulescu may turn out to be a symptom of a very serious state of affairs in the Balkans. M. Titulescu, a man of great ability, vision, and personal charm, stood solid for friendship between Roumania, Britain and France. He had been Minister in London, Foreign Minister of his own country, and twice President of the League Assembly. His fall can surely only mean one thing, that the pro-Nazi party in Roumania is gaining ground. Already Austria, Hungary, Yugo-Slavia, and Bulgaria are more or less under Nazi influence. If Roumania goes the same way, the outlook for Czecho-Slovakia is not very rosy. And the Nazi block down the Danube will be stronger than ever.

MEANWHILE Poland and France are hastily coming together again, and the visit of General Rydz-Smigly to Paris is the latest step in the re-cementing of the friendship. Doctor Schacht, during his visit to Paris, is reported to have suggested that Germany does not care very much about the Franco-Soviet Pact. France's answer is to hold her air-manœuvres at Bourges in the presence of Russian generals and an important Russian aviation-mission.



Nucleus of Associated Artists

Dudley Murphy, Leslie Howard and Hugh Walpole at present form the artistic nucleus of Associated Artists, as director-in-chief, star-in-chief and author-in-chief respectively. The company has given itself a schedule of fifteen pictures in the next two years

HARVARD UNIVERSITY is celebrating its tercentenary, and Southwark is preparing to join in its share of the high jinks. For John Harvard's father was a prominent citizen of Southwark, being a butcher in the Borough High Street. Another famous citizen—if only a temporary one—of Southwark was Shakespeare.

IF there is one thing which Great Britain is supremely skilful at, it is the construction and handling of swift transport. Sir Malcolm Campbell and Mr. George Eyston incessantly break speed-records for motor-cars; our aeroplane smashed all records in the race to Australia; our Queen Mary captures the Blue Riband of the Atlantic with the fastest time on both east and west voyages; and the Silver Jubilee train of the London and North Eastern Railway has reached a record for steam trains of 113 miles an hour. None of these may be quite as fast as Mr. Jesse Owens appears to be when he is all out on the cinder track, but nevertheless they are pretty good for a decadent country.

DAME ADELAIDE ANDERSON, whose death is announced, was an indomitable woman. One of the very first women-inspectors of factories, in the early days of her work she was up against not only the blank wall of prejudice against women in professions, but also the venomous hostility of employers who were sweating women in their factories and were terrified of being found out. Miss Anderson, as she was then, a small, frail-looking woman, was quite fearless. She had many stories of how she used to hide in factories and wait for the night-shift of women to come on, to see for herself what was going on in the way of over-working and vile conditions behind locked doors. Later

in life, she did valuable advisory work in China for the Nanking Government, and was also a member of the British Committee to advise on the disposal of the Boxer Indemnity.

An interesting note on the patriotic preparations that are going on all over the country for the King's Coronation comes from the seed merchants. There is a great demand for seeds that will yield red, white, and blue flowers in May. Those with a little extra money to spend are going to achieve the same results with hyacinth bulbs. It is a pity that the most patriotic of all plants, Hydrangea Langleyi, each flower of which is actually red, white, and blue, should not come into bloom until July.

It is characteristic of the courage of Mr. Lloyd George that he should go off and pay a visit to Germany. The only survivor of the Big Three who made the Treaty of Versailles, he would naturally expect a hostile reception from a modern Germany, which has made the tearing-up of the Treaty its cardinal point of policy. But that prospect has not daunted the venerable wizard, and the first reports would seem to indicate that his courage has extorted the reluctant admiration of his unexpected hosts.

The possibility that the sixty million Untouchables in India may abandon Hinduism opens up a vista of incredible complication. Whether they become Moslems, Sikhs or Christians, such a colossal mass-conversion is bound to upset all the delicate balances of India. And, as a matter of fact, it would not be a conversion. It would be using a change of religion as a political weapon, which is a very different thing.

Let us hope that the report is correct which says that Scotland Yard is really going to tackle race-gangs. The nasty affair at Lewes a few weeks ago bore all the hall-marks of Americanism, except, of course, the stout action of the police. But the rest was pure U.S.A.—the terrified refusal of the victim to identify his attackers, the attempt to intimidate the jury, the packing of the Court with gangsters. Now comes the murder of an Italian bookmaker at the Wandsworth Greyhound Stadium. Only last week I mentioned the trouble with the Glasgow gangs. The judges and magistrates are certain to deal severely with gangsterism. Let us hope the police will provide the opportunities for severe dealing. It is an insidious evil and it can spread with appalling rapidity if it is given a chance.

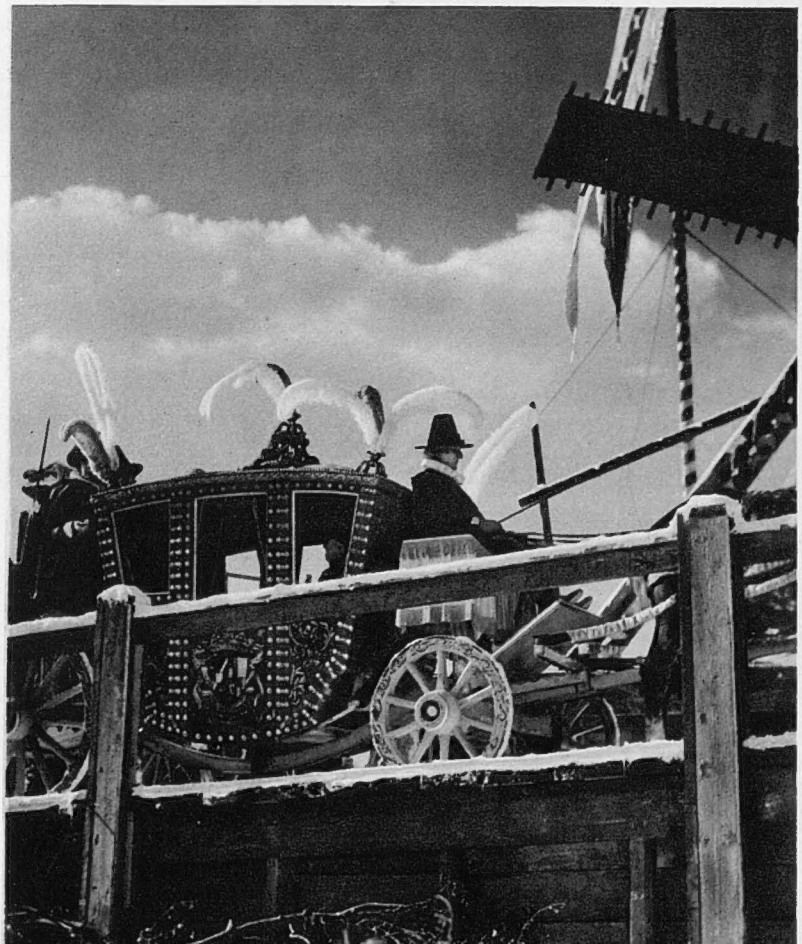
Mr. Noel Coward is a master of the theatre and all its ways, and it was characteristic of him to introduce a neatly whimsical note into his big party for the Egyptian delegates. Nothing could have been more skilfully apropos than the singing, by himself, of his own "Mad Dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun." The Egyptians were, naturally, delighted.

A large and powerful delegation is to represent Great Britain at the Assembly of the League of Nations. The main business on the agenda is the Reform of the Covenant. Is it to be reformed, and if so how? I have always been of opinion that there was not much wrong with the Covenant itself. The men who drafted it, Lord Cecil, General Smuts, President Wilson, and the rest, made a very good job of it. The trouble seems to me to have lain with the politicians whose job it was to make the Covenant work.

The Association Football season is already under way, and will soon be in full swing. I am afraid we are not likely to see a revival of the old form of the Corinthians. After the war, with such men as Howard Baker, Knight, Bower, Colin Hunter, Claude Ashton, Hegan, Hartley, Ewer, and others, Corinth was good enough to beat Blackburn Rovers in the Cup, and give Manchester City the fright of their lives. Now, alas! they are hardly liable to make a showing against a Third Division side. It is a great pity, for it means that there is a steady decline in amateur soccer of the highest class. And what a beautfiul and skilful game it can be—incomparably better than Rugger. And now I think I will go and hide somewhere where Mr. Howard Marshall won't find me.

The Walker Cup débacle opens up, as usual, all kinds of fields for speculation. But one thing is certain. Our amateur golfers do not make anything like such a good fight now against America as they used to ten or twelve years ago. And in those days the Americans had Jones, von Elm and Ouimet in their prime. Our professionals, on the other hand, who used to tremble year after year at the Transatlantic invasion, are full of jaunty, and justified optimism. Why has the balance shifted from the amateur to the professional? It is a point on which I should like to hear my colleague, Mr. J. S. F. Morrison.

Below: Winter in Rembrandt's Amsterdam — High Summer Shots in Buckinghamshire



Charles Laughton and Roger Livesey Between Takes

"Rembrandt" on Location

Finishing the Laughton-Korda Film at Denham

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

London Films have finished shooting *Rembrandt*, the Alex Korda-directed picture which promises to show Laughton in one of the strongest parts of his career. The last scenes were in winter-time Amsterdam and Leyden; Denham fields were covered in synthetic snow and Laughton had to act in heavy furs while the sun was so hot that he must wear dark glasses between takes. Roger Livesey plays the beggar whom Rembrandt befriended and used as model for "David and Saul" and Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton) is Hendrikje Stoffels, Rembrandt's maid, model and mistress. Over on the left are scenes of the Prince of Orange's arrival in Amsterdam. *Rembrandt* sets were all designed by Vincent Korda (see page 434)

Naval Wedding

Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Richard Coleridge, Lord and Lady Coleridge's eldest son, married Miss Rosamund Fisher at the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey. She is the eldest daughter of Admiral Sir William and Lady Fisher, of 8, St. James's Place, S.W.1

Polo Wedding

Mr. Hugo Hughes and Miss Diana Puckle were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Puckle's daughter; he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hughes, and played No. 1 in our Westchester Cup team. Mr. Bobby Loewenstein came over from Biarritz to be best man

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

A WEEK-END at Ostend is tremendous fun. It even seems worth while to the "not air-minded," to do the tedious trek by land and sea.

Last week-end being the Grand Prix date, travelling was almost unbearable, fifteen hundred people on a small Belgian boat, which contained one bar for all classes, and a barman who was so surprised when one asked for a brandy and soda, and not a "Bass," like many of our fellow countrymen, that he had to send out for soda. What "out" meant in the middle of the Channel we never discovered.

"Someone" Had to Go

THE small aeroplane that was hired to take most of our party straight from Gatwick races, could not take suit-cases as well, so "someone" had to take the luggage, and as "someone" didn't like flying, "someone" went the long way round and took just seven hours to accomplish the journey which the flyers did in one!

After arriving, the following twenty-four hours are a confused but happy memory of a gay, bright, noisy race-course, many over age, over-painted women, and men of all sorts and all nationalities, champagne cocktails in great numbers in the bar of the Regina, a smattering of English friends in the vast overcrowded casino.

The tall figure of Mr. Tommy Weldon towering above everyone, Mr. Malise Stewart apparently punting successfully, Mr. Stanhope Joel and his pretty wife wandering around, Mr. Toby Milbanke gambling in the quiet, serious way that belies his real age.

An English titled journalist was refused admission to this hotchpotch of all nations, because he wore white trousers. They said a dinner-jacket and plus-fours would be O.K.!

Trousseau Hunting

PRETTY Miss Pat Charles is in the throes of trousseau buying for her wedding to Mr. Owen (Marshall) Roberts on the twenty-first of this month. It is to be a quiet London wedding at which only relations and intimate friends will be present.

We saw the bride-to-be dancing with her fiancé the other evening, in a dress of deep turquoise chiffon, forget-me-nots in her hair.

Their honeymoon, which is to be spent in Venice, must be of short duration, as the bridegroom starts on a new flying course early in October.

Other romantic newly-engaged couples seen around a semi-deserted London, are Lady Elizabeth Manners, lovely, pale, and starry-eyed; and Mr. Loel Guinness, and that slender beauty, Miss Camilla Russell, with her good-looking (despite the beard) fiancé, Mr. Christopher Sykes.

Resumed Gaiety

LADY JERSEY and Mrs. Antony Acton had pinned their faith to vivid emerald green as an early autumn colour, when they lunched at the Ritz together one day last week. Mrs. Acton's short, square-shouldered coat was green, and matched Lady Jersey's smart little toque.

The Ritz was recovering from its midsummer emptiness that day, and there were lots of well-known people about. Lady Phyllis Allen was lunching with Mr. Eric Hatry. Her stay in London is to be short, as she has just been to Deauville, and was leaving the following day to join Lord Michelham's yacht at Biarritz.

The Hon. Anthony Winn, looking very healthy and sunburnt, was another we saw that day. He has been enjoying good sport in Austria as a member of the syndicate shoot organised by Mr. Robin Wilson, and is now off to Scotland.

Lord Sysonby was cocktailing in an alcove in the hall with his fiancée, Mrs. Monkland. Pretty Daphne Kingsmill was lunching with her young married sister, Mrs. Furlong.

Bathing in Amber Beads

THE Cannes season appears to continue with unabated success. Lady Mendl we hear of, giving luncheon parties at the Villa Clos de la Garoupe, wearing pearls, diamond bracelets and

Farewell Party to Col. de Basil's Ballets

Colonel W. de Basil, Lubov Tchernichova (Mme. Serge Grigorieff) and Anton Dorati, one of the conductors, were at the party celebrating the end of de Basil's successful season at Covent Garden. The newly formed "junior" company sailed for Australia last week

Nina Verchinina and Olga Morosova—sisters—sat together at the de Basil party. The "senior" company may visit Berlin before sailing for America in October. They are due back in England next May when their season will overlap two weeks with the opera and they will appear in "Igor" "Le Coq d'Or," and "Carmen"

white satin pyjamas, her white hair minus the turquoise tint she affects in London and Paris.

Mrs. Michael Arlen, one of the most admired women on the whole Riviera, wears beach coats of Paisley design, and a lovely double-row necklace of large amber beads that she never takes off, even when bathing.

Miss Elsa Maxwell is staying with Miss Dickie Gordon and is busy on the finishing chapters of her book, which we hear opens with the surprising sentence, "I can't bear parties!"

An Extensive Holiday

TULLIO CARMINATI, who made such a success in *One Night of Love* with Grace Moore, is in London, now engaged on a new Herbert Wilcox production, *London Melody*. He has been holidaying extensively, in Berlin for the Olympic Games, in Baden—Baden for a cure, in Venice for bathing and in Bayreuth for the Wagnerian Festival. The recitals are held there only in the afternoons, when the audience is supposed not to be tired, and therefore able to enjoy the "heavy" music to the full.

A Piano Duet

MR. NOEL COWARD'S party that he gave the other night for the Egyptian Prime Minister and Legation was just one of those original functions that live long after they occur.

If it had been given in the middle of the season instead of in August, it would have been the same success, and people who were not there would have envied the lucky guests just as much.

The party got going by the host and Mr. Geoffrey Toye playing on two pianos and Evelyn Laye singing to their joint accompaniment.

Among the people there were Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden, Ethel Merman, who starred in *Anything Goes*, and is said to be the best torch-singer in the world; Frances Marion, highest paid scenario writer in her world; Fred Astaire, Ann Harding, Miriam Hopkins, and the Raymond Masseys. Lady Louis Mountbatten wore crisp white organdie, Mrs. Eden white tailored jacket and black skirt, and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye a romantic dress of sea-green faille.

From the Shires

COUNTY horse-shows provide interest and relaxation for stay-at-homes at this time of year. At the Alresford Show last Wednesday, it was an eye-opener to see that ultra-smart young Mayfairite Lady Veronica Hornby walk off with the first prize, out of a strong class of horses.

She is one of the very few girls we know who is as faultlessly attired on a horse as in a ballroom.

Both she and pretty Bridget Smith-Dorrien are studying the art of riding under the skilful eye of Major H. Misa, who has a successful school at Newbury.

He judged at Olympia this summer, and it is a joy to watch his daughter Flavia riding and showing her ponies, and sad that she will soon be out of the children's class. She also got a first at Alresford, and both she and Lady Veronica are "showing" at the Princes Risborough and Morton Morell shows.

MISS PEEPS

Last Week's Big English Premiere

Frank Lawton, his wife Evelyn Laye, Lady Louis Mountbatten and Noel Coward were four of a distinguished audience at the Carlton to see the first British Shakespeare film, "As You Like It." Elisabeth Bergner (Rosalind of the film) followed her custom and stayed away, but her director husband, Dr. Paul Czinner, was there

Wes Adams and Lisa

Shadow Play

In the Satirical "Two-Faced People" Dance

Wes Adams and Lisa

Two Clever Satirical Dancers

Photographs by Anthony

Wes Adams and Lisa are the first dancers to combine satire—that plum of ballet—with modern ballroom steps, and their make-up on the left, too, is redolent of something more classic than the cabaret stage. They are well known in their native America, have had engagements at the Baltimore Hotel in New York as well as in vaudeville but their latest, in San Sebastian, gave them the most rousing reception of all, when they had to continue with encore after encore (at the manager's orders) to drown the noise of shooting. Later, they escaped to Hendaye with only the masks they use in some of their dances, made their way to England and are making their successful first English appearance at the Dorchester

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 37

Helen Hayes

IT cannot have taken five minutes' thought for Gilbert Miller to cast Helen Hayes as Victoria Regina in what has been the smash hit of New York for the past seven months. She is ideal for the part—a true, if excitable early-Victorian, born half a century out of her time. Antimacassars, poodles, things under glass jars, all kinds of bric-à-brac clutter up her home at Nyack on the Hudson River. Hours a day she spends moving the furniture around or pottering in the garden. Charles Macarthur, the man who wrote *Front Page*, fills the joint rôle of being her husband and her reaction. For Charles was a feature writer on the *Chicago Tribune*, specialising in execution scenes. Ben Hecht, his present partner, was on the opposition sheet. And were they grisly, or were they?

FOR the past three weeks Mr. and Mrs. Macarthur have been in London, Helen wearing an artificial posy in her button-hole, and Charles a look of anxious devotion in his eye. Helen Hayes, you must understand, lives on her nerves. She always has, which can be kind of agitating for her husband. She talks with quick little gestures of the hand. She offers no resistance to the possessiveness of her fans. Strangers take up far too much of her time, but you never hear her complain. She is a trouper. And yet she is a Victorian, though she never gets the vapours. You should see her discussing plans for a forthcoming production. There is an almost animal-like ferocity in her concentration. Her dark-blue eyes are glued on the business in hand. Her tiny hands are clenched. Her lips are parted, disclosing an even row of small, white teeth. Her cheeks flush. She is the perfect Barrie heroine, five-foot-one, seven stone, a teetotaller, always punctual, but fond of sleep, and not particularly interested in clothes. One of her prime qualities is an ability to check her art at the stage door, just as if it were a cape. But, though she is completely untheatrical in private, she takes the theatre very seriously.

She never goes on parties, never plays golf, and will never appear in pictures again. You may remember her in *Farewell to Arms*, *Vanessa*, *The White Sister*. But that is all over now. They murdered her rôles. The finishing touch was when they modernised *What Every Woman Knows*. So in future you will have to go to New York to see her. Unless she suddenly changes her mind. But then, she is always changing her mind. One minute she is going to Warwickshire, the next to the Black Forest, the next to Cannes, the next to Budapest. Nobody ever knows really what she will do at any given moment, herself least of all.

Daughter of a Washington business man, great-niece of an English concert singer, wife of an ex-newspaper man, mother of a five-year-old girl, and idol of millions, she still manages to keep her goal her own—to be a second Duse.

Charles Graves

Nazi Powers-That-Be

One of the Club Stands at Baden Races

The pretty little club stand above was almost pre-war in its exclusiveness, but brought up-to-date by its flag. Right, above: pre-lunch grape-juice was served by waitresses in traditional Black Forest costume

"Kommt Gleich!"

Left: Stabschef Lutze and Frau Haniel were snapped behind the grandstand. Herr Lutze is Chief of Staff of all the Storm Troops, and was given an almost royal welcome to Baden; Frau Haniel was the official Government hostess at the races — she is a close personal friend of Hitler

Baden-Baden, Social and Sunny

By Pamela Murray

THIS is a darling little place, clean, with a sunny spotlessness peculiar to Germany, peaceful as a health resort should be and bubbling with quiet merriment, also warm, curative waters which, used as a gargle, completely dispel that "frogs-in-the-throat" feeling acquired at the Spiel casino overnight. I am writing in race week—the ten days when official dinner succeeds official luncheon, when four afternoons are spent by the fashionable in the club stand, and by the élite of South Germany in the adjacent owners' stand, watching the seven races from time to time, and each other all the time; when tennis championships (bravo Miss Billie Yorke and the Peters pair) are followed by golf tourneys, Germany opposite Holland, then France v. Germany, and finally, when excitement has risen, Germany "agin" General Critchley. A busy time is had by all, especially Herr Kurt Brenner, who owns the Stephanie, also the Park, which has almost as many well-known patrons as its more celebrated neighbour, including Lord and Lady Eustace Percy and their daughter, Baroness Zouche, Sir Duncan Swann (who recalls one of those happy-go-lucky characters created by P. G. Wodehouse) and the Denton Carlisles, who deserved their rest, radium baths and other relaxations after an arduous season bringing out her handsome daughter Bridget Smiley.

EVERYONE gets up early at Baden-Baden. If you are at Dr. Dengler's establishment, high above the town, among tall pine-trees (affectionately termed "our asylum" by its inmates), you are out walking at seven. The best "patient" is Lord Carnarvon, who starts pattering through the Black Forest at a quarter past six. I was sorry to miss Sir John Leigh, who, from all accounts, was in even better form than the "jockey earl," if that were possible, and went home rejoicing at loss of weight, remarking proudly that he had become "a bag of bones." Sir John, Mrs. Harriet Harriman, who was in great looks and Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerley (attractive Jean Simpson-Baikie) were in Captain Cecil Pim's party at the "asylum"; also Mrs. Julie Thompson, who wore lovely clothes on all occasions, with picture hats by day, and was christened the "queen" of Baden by her circle. Actually, its reigning queen is Frau Haniel, tall, Junoesque wife of the German racehorse owner who is Vice-President of the Golf Club, etc. She gives a dinner party and a dance during the great week, and invitations are as eagerly sought as if for a royal reception. Frau Haniel, who is a personal friend of the Führer, acts as official hostess for the German Government during this grand finale to Baden-Baden's lengthy season. Baron von Böcklin, President of the nice little Golf Club on the hill, also leads a life as hectic as, for example, the Captain of Dunstaffnage during Oban week. His golf club dinner to the championship competitors broke up for breakfast at seven a.m.—a hospitable record. Many German notabilities have assembled for their annual treat—Ascot, Wimbledon and the Open Championship in a miniature sandwich, just as the Scottish lairds gather for "one crowded hour of glorious life," to quote Sir Walter Scott, whose romantic spirit would have revelled in the country around Baden-Baden, the pert, painted cottages, their gardens full of dahlias as bright and soft as Lyons velvet, the rolling sea of pines and the aromatic silences.

There is very little money for luxurious living in this spartan new Germany, and the landed classes have been hard hit, which explains why the attendance of the Prinzen and Prinzessinnen dwindles slightly each year, I am told; but, as English, Americans, and even French are coming here now in force, and leaving re-enforced, there is no chance of the charming little race-week going out of fashion—on the contrary. Our elders, whose youth was spent in a so much happier, therefore, better world, remarked that the "county" stand with its clear demarcation between quality and "hoi polloi," reminded them of things pre-war, and they derived comfort from the continued presence of Fürst von Hatzfeldt-Wildenbourg in the Judge's Box. What has been still is—in Baden-Baden for those brief, distinguished days.

LORD CALEDON, who came on from the Olympics, went racing. Lord Strathcarron, curing studiously at Dengler's, did not. Christine Lady Churchill, of the exquisite porcelain complexion, and Lady Abingdon, of the Sargent profile (so rare

Reich Ministers

Right: Herr von Tschammer und Osten (in hat) is the Reich Sports Minister who staged the Olympic Games so magnificently; he is talking to Herr Esser, Minister of Roads and Traffic

Consultation in the Club Stand

Between Mrs. Herbert Craig, Lady (Duncan) Swann, Miss Ceciley Hulkes, and Mrs. Nutcombe-Hume. Mrs. Craig is the novelist A. E. R. Craig (her latest book, "Palace of Intrigue," is to be filmed) and Miss Hulkes is a director of the Book Society. Mrs. Nutcombe-Hume's daughter Pamela came out this year

Left: conferring in the paddock were Mr. Willie McGrath, a director of Wembley Stadium and brother of Redmond and Arthur and Mr. "Wardie" Ward

Mutual Tips

Mrs. Alec Browne

Lady Read and Princess Melikoff

Mrs. Alec Browne was one of the smartest racecourse figures, in white and mauve. Her brother succeeded their uncle as Earl of Chesterfield this year. Lady Read, Sir Herbert Read's wife, and Princess Melikoff, who is English by birth, were snapped in the Stephanie

in the Elwes generation to which she belongs) ornamented all their excursions, and life in the Stephanie was tremendously enlivened by that amusing person Vivian Cornelius, who brings a welcome touch of fantasy to his small talk, and by his wife, who was looking lovelier than ever—to use an abused phrase truthfully. Mrs. Cornelius was thinking of going on to Budapest, the capital which has had the most tourists—bar Berlin—this summer.

The Stephanie is most scintillating on Saturday nights, when "Dengler's" descend for their weekly spree, cut short by a curfew, or Cinderella call, at midnight. Mrs. Arthur Cohen, whose good-looking daughter Rosemary has gone to Denmark, a country of which I hear the whoopiest accounts; Mrs. Corlette Glorney wearing enviable jewels, Mrs. Pryce Harrison enjoying her holiday from "Schaps," burly Sir Alexander Leith, and dreamy-eyed Constance Lady Moon were dancing or watching the dancers, as was that youthful mother-of-a-debutante, Mrs. Nutcombe-Hume, with the Marquise Pallavicini and Mrs. Brand, who is one of Lord Hampden's sisters-in-law. Sir Alfred and Lady Read sit with the English-born Princess Melikoff. Lady Read, who has great elegance, completes her morning toilettes with a parasol. Mrs. Ronnie Greville was not in evidence as she had not been well, but Naomi Lady Houstoun-Boswall and her brother-in-law, "Willie" McGrath (who, though a Director of Wembley and other sporting affairs, is less in the public eye than his brothers Redmond and Arthur) were everywhere, as was Mr. "Wardie" Ward in his I.Z. tie, and the Swiss Minister, M. Paravicini, in a Foriegn Office hat. Another of these curly black felts shaded "Dodo," who is Sir Oliver Duncan's only brother. He speaks German like a German and it is only one of his six languages. Mr. Ralph Wigram, of the Foreign Office, and his wife were arriving as I left, also Lord Hollenden mit party. Lady Ravensdale was signalled, and Lord Rosslyn showed signs of staying till the end of the season, which is not until October. I missed the Percy Quilters, also Princess Donskaia (formerly Lady Deterding), whose compatriot, Mrs. George Harvey, with husband were the only couple not taking baths, massage, or treatment of any kind. They just enjoyed the Stephanie soups, sat in the sunshine and strolled by that clear stream which murmurs past the hotels, through shady gardens, by bustling streets, and out into the country again.

BEFORE lunch the ritual is to spend an hour in the Casino gardens sipping the juice of newly crushed grapes served by waitresses in Schwarzwald dress, their pigtails bobbing, and to listen—or not—to the open-air orchestra while appraising new arrivals. Worthington Hines, of the U.S.A., and his English wife go by discussing whether or not it is correct for him to wear a brush up the back of his Austrian hat. "I don't shoot chamois, dear," he protests, "and so I can't wear it." Feminine, she is unconvinced. A dear little boy in full Tyrolean regalia, rushing towards us, is "Bunny" Browne, who, with his handsome, Titian-haired mother, has gone back now to stay with her brother, Lord Chesterfield, after two ideal months of excursions and picnics

Departure for Lausanne

Miss Billie Yorke, partnered by A. K. Quist in this year's Wimbledon, and Mrs. Perkins were off to Lausanne for the Swiss Championships, having secured Baden-Baden tennis titles and trophies

with Baden-Baden as G.H.Q. The funicular which grinds up to a beautiful "Blick" delighted "Bunny," and a good many grown-ups too. There is something efficacious in the German practice of conveying you to a view in the greatest comfort, and once there saying: "Now have a feed—sausages, hot ham, postcards, and, if you are very good indeed, gherkins." The postcard habit is highly developed, and Mr. Bernard Shaw would find rivals in this Malvern of Germany—a Malvern which has a dash of Deauville in its composition and a very winning, precise personality of its own.

Sporting News from the North

Viscount Maitland and Miss Helena Perrott

The engagement, forecast in the "Bystander" last month, between Lord Maitland and Miss Helena Perrott was announced at Lord Maitland's coming-of-age celebrations at Thirlestane Castle, the Scottish home of his parents, Lord and Lady Lauderdale. Helena Perrott is the late Sir Herbert Perrott and Lady Perrott's daughter

Golf in Perthshire

Lord Errington and his younger sister, Lady Violet Baring, were amongst the big number who made Gleneagles Hotel golf course their headquarters for the Scottish season. They are children of the Earl and Countess of Cromer, and grandchildren, through their mother, of the late Lord Minto

Highland Games in Skye

Mr. Angus MacLeod of Skeabost and Miss Catriona MacLeod, children of the Laird of Skeabost, were at Portree for the Skye Gathering, held in perfect weather. Major Hilleary, father-in-law of one of the MacLeod sisters, is Chieftain of the Gathering

Below: a foursome who met the photographer on the Gleneagles Hotel golf course: Sir Hector Mackenzie, the eighth Baronet of Gairloch, Miss Jean Scott, one of Lord and Lady George Scott's twin daughters, Captain Drummond-Moray, and Mr. C. H. K. Marten, who has been Vice-Provost of Eton since 1930

Sir Hector Mackenzie, Miss Jean Scott, Capt. Moray and Mr. Marten

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE old red and yellow flag of Spain floats over Seville, Cadiz, Vigo, and other patriot strongholds. Tough as we are—we can sit through *Peter Pan* unmoved, while steely film directors sob at our side—we can understand what that means to Spaniards at grips with the Reds. Even if we 'd been a soldier of the Republic at Valmy or in the Vendée we 'd have had an odd sort of feeling in the throat when the proud lilies of the Bourbon flag advanced for the last time—oh, yes, we would. Also at Culloden, or wherever the Jacobite flag flew last. This month thousands of tough Yorkshiremen will rally once more round the banner of the Five Wounds for which so many hundreds of them, betrayed by the rich, died by knife and rope 400 years ago. We know how they will feel, too. Such flags call to something deep and atavistic in the human heart.

Call us sentimental if you like, but even this age has such loyalties. Perhaps you 've never travelled in Shepherd's Bush ? The populace, like that of the Basque Provinces, is tenacious, proud, and intensely national. In defence of the great yellow and blue Gaumont-British flag which floats over the Bastille in Lime Grove they would lay down practically everything they 've got except anything they 've got. When a rumoured Korda plot to rush the citadel came to light a little time ago fifty local Camille Desmoulins removed their bowler hats and leaped on window-sills and distributed aspidistra leaves—the sacred plant of the quarter—for badges of liberty to the frenetic mob. A collection for fighting funds taken up at the same time amounted to four shillings and eightpence halfpenny, of which three shillings were discovered to be of silver-paper-covered chocolate, and perfectly edible.

Down in the Forest

VIVID little sporting incident in a West Highland deer forest, reported in the *Times* :

A body of hikers was wambling along, shouting and guffawing as their habit is. Some distance away an angry gentleman was lying perdu on his stomach, trying to stalk and kill a stag. The angry gentleman sent a gillie galloping hotfoot to ask the hikers to walk and howl elsewhere, but before the gillie could recover breath the hikers had denounced him furiously for being a party to the slaughter of Our Dumb Friends. Thus does one jolly type of God's creature meet and clash with another almost equally jolly type, and when the dust has settled nobody knows who 's won.

The incident shouldn't have ended there. A party of Miss Wapshott's Aunts of the Woodland should have hurried up and denounced sportsman and gillie and hikers alike for treading down suffering grass, followed by detachments of Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, Men of the Trees, Pixies, Dr. Rubble's Rhythmic Rovers, the Sylvan Sisterhood, the Food Reform Guards, the Deep-Breathing League, the League of Warm Hearts, Mrs. Burp's Brushwood Boys, the Anti-Litter League, the British Women's Temperance Association, and fifteen more high-thinking organisations, all chattering and arguing and whickering together, and all so damnably plain it would make your heart ache. And in fact just as the row was at its height and the deer-stalking party were dying or dead of apoplexy (including the host, who 'd paid £15,000 for the season), somebody's heart *would* ache—Little Mother Wendy's, to wit ; who, organising a storm-battalion of fairies on the spot, would kick everybody's pants without distinction of class or creed till the noise was heard in Inverness.

Meanwhile, the sturdy stag, leading his does to the drinking-pool far away, would comment severely on the situation, as stags do. You may remember the lines :

The Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
And though he felt extremely ill
He told the Lady of the Lake
That poetry gave him stomach-ache—
Especially the sort of rot
Invented by Sir Walter Scott
(etc.).

Farceur

IF the BBC hadn't devised a centenary programme the other day nobody probably would have been interested in Bret Harte's centenary. Yet the work of the father of American humour wears remarkably well. Some of his prose-parodies—e.g., the one of a Dumas cloak-and-sword brawl, are still alive and kicking, which is more than can be said for the macabre files of *Punch*, or for Harte's own contemporary and countryman, Artemus Ward, a tireless worker who got his laughs by spelling everything wrong. At the same period our own professional comic boys were burning 'em up with puns, a perfect scream, my dear. We had nevertheless one master-wit, whose works practically

" To me the sea always seems so — so big, *somehow "*

nobody knows by heart nowadays except Philip Guedalla: Disraeli, precursor of Wilde, with the same gift for incisive, graceful, satiric fooling. Unfortunately, the English, a simple race, hate and fear satire (not to speak of irony) with a deathly loathing; which explains the failure of many works of art, literary and dramatic, and the reason why "Saki" is caviare. The things they do laugh at were carefully listed and analysed some time ago, in a spirit of love, by Max Beerbohm. We forget what they were, except cheese and physical affliction. And even then the best cheese-joke is American. Somebody, we forget who, says to a publicity man of no great talents: "You 'd cause a Limburger factory to remain undiscovered on a hot summer afternoon!"

Disillusion is the mainspring of American humour. There 's no disillusion this side of the Atlantic, because, as H. G. Wells has observed, the English have the special gift, under Providence, of making anything disturbing or uncomfortable vanish by firmly closing the eyes.

Cry Havoc Dept.

THE newest appliance for destroying bracken on agricultural land, the invention of Captain Holt of Kirby-moorside, Yorkshire, is a heavy steel revolving bar dragged by a horse. The bar breaks or bruises all young bracken-shoots as it passes over, and thus prevents further growth. It should be a boon to farmers, who hitherto have employed Old Roedean girls to roll about their land—a wasteful process, since every kind of plant life was crushed to death equally, not to speak of the coveys of flattened partridges, a too-easy mark for stockbrokers.

A. G. ("Farmer's Glory") Street, as a practical and clear-sighted agriculturalist, has long been trying to do away with this old-fashioned system, he tells us. On one of his experimental farms a group of sixteen massive First and Second XI. hockey girls, engaged to roll about as usual, left thirty acres looking like the Ypres Salient or a Texas plain after a cyclone. Nobody dared tell them off, their deep jolly-ho voices ringing across the valley like the call of young bison as they rolled. Farmers who spoke to them got a dizzying punch on the ear and passed out. Prize bulls cowered behind hedges, trembling like kittens. Mr. Street's men eventually had to fight them one by one—and they confess laughingly to this day that Hilda Battersby of the Upper Fourth certainly packs a haymaker in each mitt. Muriel Struggles (a prefect) took a smashing charge right through a barn door and out through the opposite wall, crying "Now jolly well rally, you frightful cads!" Una Crushleigh hit a bailiff with a motor-plough. The carnage was hideous. Never before in the history of Wiltshire farming have so many agriculturists been seen sitting down at the same time, numb and dazed, mumbling "Kittycat, kittycat, kittycat . . ." and weaving imaginary comforters.

"Gad, sir! This is preposterous—the gunner's tie!"

"I told you in Tunis and I'm telling you now—I—don't—want—them!"

Rest

IT 's not surprising that the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden showed signs of staleness during its last week. They 'd been dancing continuously, and often furiously, since the middle of June, and austere training and esprit-de-corps can't do everything. The only recorded lapse from the unwritten law against resting during a performance, we 're told, occurred at the end of a Monte Carlo season during a performance years ago of *Schéhérazade*, when one of the eunuchs got tired of chasing the harem girls with a scimitar and sat down for a breather and a sandwich. This is difficult to believe, but the man who told us swore it was true. The second time

he told us the story he added that some of the dancers had been "got at" by an indignant clergyman on holiday, who had censured the whole ballet as un-British in character. The third time we heard the story, the eunuch rose from his chair, his mouth full of ham, and shouted: "This disgraceful exhibition must cease!" The fourth time we heard it, he delivered a fiery extempore speech attributing the whole business to drink, and got a gold medal from Lady Astor.

All this, as we said, is very difficult to believe, but a further assertion by the same man seems likely to be true. He said that thirty years ago, when the Russian Ballet first astonished London with its gorgeous savagery, some attempt was made by a group of welfare-workers to ameliorate conditions. Ladies asked the corps-de-ballet to tea and introduced them to nice people, the M.C.C. got the male performers to the nets. Unfortunately the male performers chased everybody with their bats, laying serious cricketers out on all sides and laughing with true Russian appreciation of our national game. To see the flower of English Cricket scatter and fly to the pavilion, the professionals scrambling, of course, through a smaller and less convenient door, was, it seems, a heart-breaking spectacle.

Call

HAVING your spiritual welfare earnestly at heart, we are compelled (as you see) to return again to the topic of first-class cricket, which is apparently in a bad way. Bankruptcy stares it in the eyeball, they say. Is it not a sign of weakening moral fibre that cricket congregations all over England are beginning to weary of the primitive austerities of their faith—the general hard discomfort, the loathsome "refreshments," the inefficient catering, the high admission prices, the frigid indifference of officialdom—and are actually complaining to the Press besides grumbling and mumbling with their mouths? Their demands seem to imply comfortable seats, eatable food, reasonable prices, and value for money generally. It is precisely this fatal craving for luxury which has ruined other Empires than ours. The froward cricket populace is beginning to stay away from service. The county balance-sheets are frightening. Very soon screech-owls will nest in the ruins of the grandstands, the dull glazed eyes of the handful of worshippers still left will express dumb despair and doom, and their poor dim voices will hardly be heard to croak "Oh, *played*, Sir!" as some former idol of the nation hits a round bit of leather with a long bit of wood.

All we can suggest is a National Cricket Mission headed by such leading divines and thinkers as Bishop Jardine and Archdeacon Hobbs. Like the celebrated Solomon Eagle, who ran stark naked through the City during the Plague, bearing a brazier of live coals on his head and shouting to London to repent—like Solomon Eagle, but with more dignity and self-control (and, of course, fully clothed, and possibly vested in flannel surplices), these prelates should tour the country crying shame on the weaklings who refuse to suffer for cricket.

Demon Rum Dept.

BECAUSE the Bibliothèque Nationale has a restaurant—we 've lunched there, without great enthusiasm—a lover of Oxford writing to the *Times* wants the new Bodleian to have a bar, under the control of the Proctors. (The new Bodleian will rise in due course on the site of the Coach and Horses Inn, on the corner of the Broad and Parks Road.) That a bar would further research to some extent is highly probable.

When jolly old Blackstone was codifying the Laws of England he had a bottle of port constantly on his table, and the result was that delightful volume we all know. Unfortunately, dons are not accustomed to drinking at bars, like human beings. Those who drink do so secretly and often, alas! to excess. "The bottle behind the Bentley," as they say in the Academic Groves, meaning that you trip tiptoe to the third bookshelf when the coast 's clear. History dons keep theirs in hollowed-out volumes of Freeman—much more honest contents than the printed lie.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I've just thought of a lovely game we could play"

Films of the Day

British Week in the West-End

By George Campbell

HISTORY, despite the scholarly investigations of Mr. Cecil B. de Mille, has never been Hollywood's strong point. *Mary of Scotland* will do nothing to appease the historically-minded, whatever its appeal may be at the box-office. Its casting is bad, its dialogue—such as Bothwell's "Hello, Darnley! Still hanging around, huh?"—is worse, and its history quite lamentable. Mary emerges as an innocent victim of amorous males and a woman's jealousy; Bothwell is something between a hero out of Sabatini and a sympathetic gangster. There can be no objection (except by pedants) to re-writing history in the service of entertainment, as Clemence Dane did in *Will Shakespeare*; but in that event the result should be described, like her play, as "an invention." *Mary of Scotland* is served up as history. I can only pity the urchins of Slump-on-the-Mud and Kalimazoo (Mich.), who rely on it in examinations.

If the acting justified the liberties—but it doesn't. Katharine Hepburn is superb in one line—the American small-town girl obsessed with visions of artistic or social success. She can portray the creature with all her half-baked culture, her clichés, her romantic dreams, her ridiculous postures, and her humiliating failures, and make her at once lovable and pathetic. Her work in *Morning Glory* and *Alice Adams* was brilliant, memorable, of its kind quite perfect. Nobody living could have played those particular rôles so well. Fifty actresses, on the other hand, would have been a more credible Mary Stuart. Her accent is neither English not Scots nor the Frenchified Scots that Mary presumably spoke, but just plain New England. She is not beautiful enough—is, indeed, not beautiful at all, interesting though her face may be. And there is no hint of the masculine, managing woman (said to have been six feet tall), fond of riding and hunting, which Mary rather surprisingly seems to have been. As for Fredric March, he is an excellent actor, but *Anna Karenina* showed that European rôles are outside his range. His voice, flat and curiously monotonous, is so characteristically American that never for a moment does he create the illusion of reality. His Bothwell is best forgotten.

THE other four new pictures are all British—a proof of the astonishing strides recently made by producers in this country. *East Meets West* is typical Arliss—the Arliss of *The Green Goddess*, potentate of an Asiatic State of undefined latitude and longitude, but unmistakably located in the region of Khatmandu. Here is staged a diplomatic struggle between Great Britain and an undesignated Eastern Power, with the keen eye of the Rajah (Mr. Arliss) for ever looking on. He negotiates with both sides, accepts a million from each and finally double-crosses both with the impartiality that becomes a benevolent neutral. Mixed up with the political intrigue are the designs of the Rajah's son on the wife (Lucie Mannheim) of a rascally British official. (Somehow I don't think this film will ever be discussed by fans in the bazaars of Delhi and Rangoon, though rumours of it may raise blood-pressures in the club at Poona.) Miss Mannheim is very gifted; Ronald Ward plays the dirty un-British dog, and Godfrey Tearle scores as a stolid political agent who delivers the goods in the end. But *East Meets West* is pre-eminently an Arliss picture, and as such is to be seen at once, or given a miss, according to taste. I liked it.

George Arliss, Sultan

George Arliss's charming, wise-acre personality permeates the story of his latest film, "East Meets West," which Herbert Mason made at Shepherd's Bush. Mr. Arliss has played an Eastern rôle before—in "The Green Goddess"; this time he makes the best of both hemispheres as Sultan of Tunatra. Lucie Mannheim, Romney Brent, and Godfrey Tearle are also in "East Meets West," which is at the New Gallery

"It's Love Again"

Victor Saville and Gaumont-British have scored a success with Jessie Matthews' "It's Love Again"—the (Louis Levy) musical hailed with delight in America. Miss Matthews dances more winsomely than ever, Robert Young and Sonnie Hale lead opposite her, and her father-in-law, Robert Hale (bagging a chandelier in the picture), makes a good thing of a character part. The film is at the Tivoli

IF there is any lovelier woman on or off the screen than Anna Sten I have not seen her. *A Woman Alone*, her first British picture, took months and well over £100,000 to make, and has been many more months in the cutting-room. It was well worth waiting for. Sam Goldwyn tried to make the lovely, talented Russian girl just another synthetic Hollywood star. Here she has reverted to her natural self—the wild, primitive, haunting creature of *The Tempest*. The plot is not essentially original—just a story of attempts on the village maiden's virtue, and the rivalry of officer and peasant; but the treatment and acting are in places superb. The atmosphere rings true, as, indeed, it should, seeing that the author, director, and star are all Russian; there is some magnificent village dancing (by the Woizikovsky ballet, and therefore a little too good to be true, but none the worse entertainment on that account); and the photography is first-rate. Henry Wilcoxen is downright rather than subtle as an officer, and I am not greatly impressed by Viola Keats. But Anna Sten is so enchanting to look at, and brings to her part such distinction and grace and shy sincerity that even if *A Woman Alone* had no other qualities her performance would be enough to give it distinction.

MUSICAL comedy is not my cup of tea, but I know I am in a miserable highbrow minority unworthy of serious consideration. *It's Love Again*, the new Jessie Matthews opus, will probably delight almost as many fans in this country as the other three put together. Victor Saville has kept the thing moving, Miss Matthews' charms as singer and dancer are expertly exploited, and Sonnie Hale over-acts no more than usual. The general opinion seems to be that here is the best British musical yet made.

"THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES" is typical Wells—fantastic, convincing up to a point, with a tendency towards the portentous that may injure its chances at the box-office. Roland Young scores heavily as the ordinary little man who suddenly discovers, to his surprise, that he can evoke tigers on the hearth-rug and whisk a policeman to San Francisco, and there are a number of other fine performances. But I am not sure that the real hero is not the American technician who made it possible to achieve magical effects with such nonchalant, contemptuous ease.

Howard Coster, London

Vincent Korda—Art Director of London Films

Vincent Korda is the man who designs sets—filmic scenery, something most picturegoers take very much for granted. Those gigantic, futuristic buildings in *Things to Come*, those stately halls in *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* and those settings from eighteenth-century France in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*—all had their birth in Vincent Korda's brain. He has finished work on sets for Laughton's *Rembrandt* (Howard Coster's photograph shows him with a drawing of Leyden Mill, one of the main scenes in that film), and he is soon to start on *The Triangle* (Miriam Hopkins and Gertrude Lawrence) and *I, Claudius* (Charles Laughton), the film of Robert Graves's book. Vincent Korda is one of three brothers, sons of a Hungarian land agent; he took to painting and design early, while his eldest brother Alex went for literature and journalism. Vincent made a name for himself in art, moved to Paris and enhanced it for twelve years and then accepted Alexander Korda's invitation to be art director of London Films, where Zoltan, the other brother, joined as a director. Vincent Korda is thirty-nine, youngest of the three. He is married to Gertrude Musgrove (now in the Farjeons' comedietta, *The Two Bouquets*) and they have a small son

Ballerina's Holiday

Markova and Lifar in France

Alicia Markova has been taking her first holiday in twelve months—staying at the Reginald Wrights' lovely Basque home, the Château du Lac de Brindos. Here she could think over plans for her coming tour with Anton Dolin, spend the day by the lake with friends and drop over to Delysia's villa "on the right side of the Spanish frontier" for cocktails with June and Spinelli. Serge Lifar was one of her visitors, taking a holiday from his job as maître de ballet and choregrapher at the Paris Opéra; above, they are reviving a memory of *The Cat*, which they danced together at Covent Garden in '29. But already Markova's holiday is over and she and Dolin are in the thick of rehearsals. Their tour opens next Monday at Eastbourne

Norman Parkinson

Elisabeth Bergner in "Dreaming Lips"—English Version

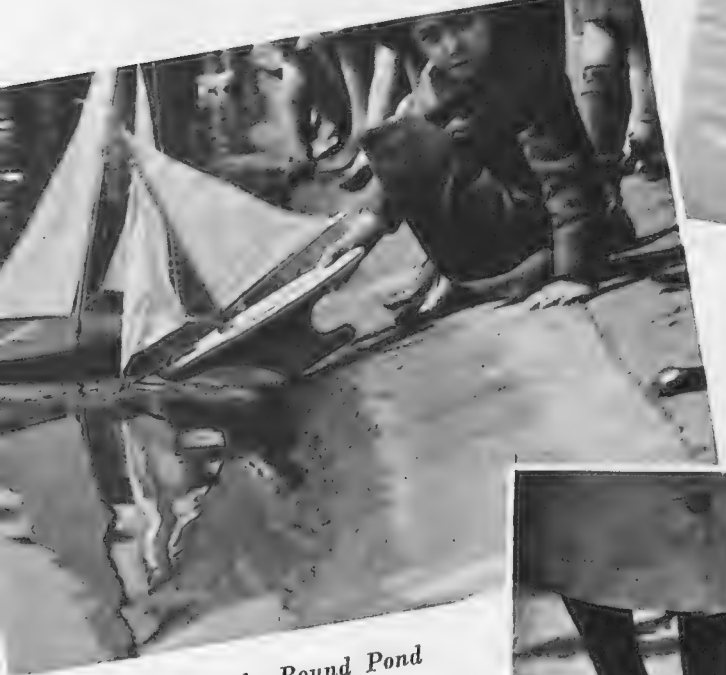
Elisabeth Bergner had to cancel all engagements last spring because of her appendicitis, but now she's quite recovered and back at work on Capitol's new film, *Dreaming Lips*. The English version has been adapted by Margaret Kennedy from Henry Bernstein's *Melo* and Miss Bergner plays the same part as in the German version (*Der Träumende Mund*). Raymond Massey is the violinist Michael, Romney Brent plays Peter and Miss Bergner's husband, Dr. Paul Czinner, is directing. He also directed her as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, the first British Shakespeare film now at the Carlton. This winter, too, Charles Cochran will present Elisabeth Bergner at His Majesty's Theatre in Sir James Barrie's new play, *The Boy David*

Argosy on the Serpentine

Refuelling

Summerti

Hyde Park Ca



Argosy on the Round Pond

Right: The Putting Green

Jock McLean at Work

The Toiler

ne in London

lcade : By John Everard

Hyde Park Oasis

The Idlers

Right: So Ended a Great Thirst

Christine Lady Churchill and M. Paravicini

Christine Viscountess Churchill, in light grey tailored coat and turban cap, was consulting M. Paravicini, the Swiss Minister in London, about local form

Lord and Lady Abingdon and Mrs. Julie Thompson

The Earl and Countess of Abingdon were photographed with Mrs. Julie Thompson, who is a Baden-Baden regular for the Grande Semaine. Lady Abingdon's white dress was blue spotted, her béret was red

Baden-Baden

More Echoes of Race-Week There

Lord Carnarvon

Lord Carnarvon, the "jockey earl," took all Baden's activities in his stride, getting up at a quarter past six for a constitutional in the Black Forest and spending the day racing or golfing

Lord Caledon

Irish Lord Caledon, who is always at the right place at the right time, came on to Baden from the Olympic Games in Berlin: more for racing than for the cure

Sir Duncan Swann and Mrs. Carlisle

Sir Duncan Swann, Bt., who was over at Baden with Lady Swann, and Mrs. Denton Carlisle, there with her husband, were liking the "sandwich of Ascot, Wimbledon and the golf Open" which is Baden race-week. Mrs. Denton Carlisle's daughter, Bridget Smiley, was one of this year's most attractive debs.

Dr. B. Krōhn

Riviera Reverie

Carreras Ltd. — 150 Years' Reputation for Quality

"Bystander" Short Story No. 54

One Man's Meat

By Florence Leighton

Old Solvig took pride in his ability to size up his customers. When the red-haired young man pushed open the door of the pet shop after staring for five minutes at the window, Old Solvig knew which dog he would want. It would be the bull-terrier, pure white, with a fine compactness of body, a sturdy nose, eyes that sparkled with intelligence.

"Good evening," he said, wondering whether to ask five guineas or six. Five, perhaps. There was a certain shine on the shoulders of the young man's coat and the cuffs had been darned with a careful needle.

"Evening." The young man spoke gruffly, gloomily. "That dog in the window—how much do you want for it?"

There were three dogs in the window—the bull-terrier, a Schnauzer pup, and a cocoa-coloured Pekinese—but the question did not surprise Old Solvig. Often those who stared in at the window saw only one dog, though there might be a dozen others.

"For the bull-terrier," Old Solvig said, "I must ask five guineas. At such a price——"

The young man interrupted him. "No. Not the bull-terrier." He spoke impatiently, as if Old Solvig should have known, all along, that it was not the bull-terrier he desired.

Behind his gold spectacles the proprietor blinked. Well, a man wasn't always right. It was the Schnauzer, of course. There was much in a Schnauzer—in the rough, honest coat of grey, in the bright, steadfast face—to appeal to a young man. He shuffled across to the little door that held the three dogs prisoners. The bull-terrier leapt to his hand. The Schnauzer danced on excited feet. Only the Pekinese, curled up on its bed of shavings, did not move.

"Ah, you scallywag!" cried Old Solvig, picking the Schnauzer up by the scruff of the neck. "A fine dog, mister. See the shape of the head."

But the young man wasn't looking at the Schnauzer. He gazed over Old Solvig's shoulder at the Pekinese, which was watching the proceedings with one distrustful eye. "It's the Pekinese," he announced.

Old Solvig almost dropped the Schnauzer. "The Pekinese?"

The young man's face grew pink. His shoulders twitched. "Not for myself," he murmured. "My wife—she has one. She's always wanted another. You know——" he added, sheepishly, "women——"

Old Solvig nodded. He put the Schnauzer back in the window and reached in after the scrap of pale brown silk. "Somebody," he said roguishly, "gets a present for the birthday or wedding anniversary?" He turned, the Pekinese in his arms, to smile at the young man.

"No!" gulped the young man. "Not exactly. It's—well, how much do you want for it?"

Old Solvig put the dog down on the smeared glass counter and stroked its silky fur. "A dog like this," he said, "it's worth twenty guineas——." Then, quickly, as the look of retreat appeared in the young man's eyes. "But, I tell you, I make it less for you. I make it—ten."

The young man hesitated. After a moment of deliberation he took three fivers out of a lean wallet and laid them down on the counter. Old Solvig rang up the sale and brought the change. "I'm sure your wife will be delighted with her new pet," he prophesied.

"Expect so." The young man regarded the dog without affection.

"They are a nice breed," Old Solvig volunteered. "Clean. Intelligent——"

"I hate them!" the young man said so vehemently that Old Solvig jumped. "A dog like that white one in the window—now there's a dog, but this——." He closed his eyes on the Pekinese. "Still," he said, sighing, "you can't have everything."

It was Old Solvig's policy to agree, whenever possible, with his customers. "That's right," he said, wondering what the young man meant.

"She's alone all day," the young man soliloquised, "and she doesn't know many people." He collected his change and looked sheepishly at Old Solvig. "It was our first quarrel. Fu Ling Chu tore up the magazine I was reading." He gave a funny little laugh. "That's what started it all. She called me a—brute. I said if she didn't get rid of the dog I'd leave home. And I did."

The Pekinese on the counter put out its long red tongue and yawned. It regarded the young man with supercilious eyes.

"So?" said Old Solvig, adjusting his gold spectacles.

The young man nodded. "I was a fool. That was three days ago and I haven't slept a wink since. I've learned a lot in these three days. I've learned that marriage is a give-and-take proposition." He grinned bashfully at the old man. "So I ran up the white flag this afternoon. I rang her up and told her to put a big bow on Fu Ling Chu—I'd be home for dinner."

Old Solvig took off his spectacles and wiped mist from the lenses. "So you stop here to buy a peace offering?"

The young man nodded. "She's always wanted another. And if she's happy—why, that means more to me than an old magazine or a necktie or even my favourite pipe." He looked anxiously at the dog perched on the counter. "You're sure this one's all right? They all look alike to me."

Old Solvig ran his hand over the light fur. "A fine dog," he said. "Your wife will be delighted."

"And you don't think it will scrap with Fu Ling Chu?"

"Certainly not," said the old fellow.

The young man lifted the dog in his arms. "I'll have to run," he said. "She said dinner would be ready at seven o'clock."

Old Solvig picked up a shabby notebook labelled "Sold." "Please," he said, "before you go, may I have the name?"

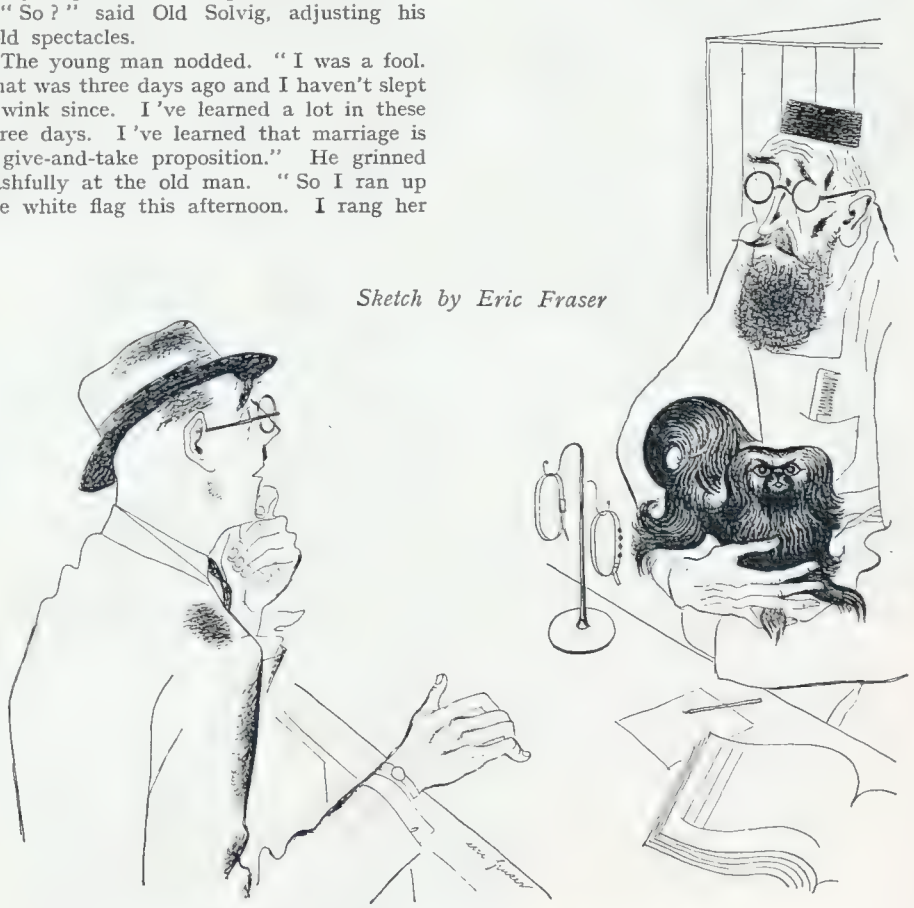
"Truesdale," the young man said. "Mark Truesdale. Beechcroft Mansions." He waited while the old fellow wrote it down—"Mark Truesdale. Pekinese. 10 guineas." Then he hoisted up the silken canine and turned towards the door. "I expect she'll be surprised when she sees me come walking in with this," he said.

"Yes," agreed Old Solvig. "I expect she will."

The door closed. The young man walked briskly down the street, whistling a bright tune. In the dusty shop Old Solvig smiled as he picked up the shabby notebook labelled "Bought" and shuffled through it to the memorandum he had scribbled down that afternoon—"Mrs. Mark Truesdale. Pekinese. 4 guineas."

THE END.

Sketch by Eric Fraser



"No!" gulped the young man. "Not exactly. It's—well, how much do you want for it?"

"The Great Ziegfeld"

M.-G.-M's Mammoth Spectacle at His Majesty's Theatre

Revue Setting—Early Ziegfeld Period

Revue Setting—Late Ziegfeld Period

Fannie Brice, Starred by Ziegfeld for Thirteen Years, Plays Herself

Right: Nat Pendleton, Who Plays Sandow, Has Been a Wrestler

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, their producer Hunt Stromberg and their director Robert Z. Leonard, have made a film which defies the vocabularies of publicity men—*The Great Ziegfeld*, woven round the life of the showman who discovered Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor and Fannie Brice. A long, strong cast is headed by William Powell as Flo Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy as his second wife, Billie Burke, and Viennese Luise Rainer as Anna Held, the French singer whom Ziegfeld built into a star and married. Other players are Frank Morgan, Fannie Brice (as herself), Virginia Bruce and Reginald Owen. *The Great Ziegfeld* had its American première at the Astor Theatre, New York, in April; its European première was at the Salzburg Festival last month, and its English première at His Majesty's Theatre (it takes three hours to show) last week, where it is now

Charles Judels and Luise Rainer

Left: William Powell as Ziegfeld and Myrna Loy as Billie Burke

Frank Morgan as Billings, Ziegfeld's Rival on the Midway

William Powell With Virginia Bruce, Who Plays Audrey Dane

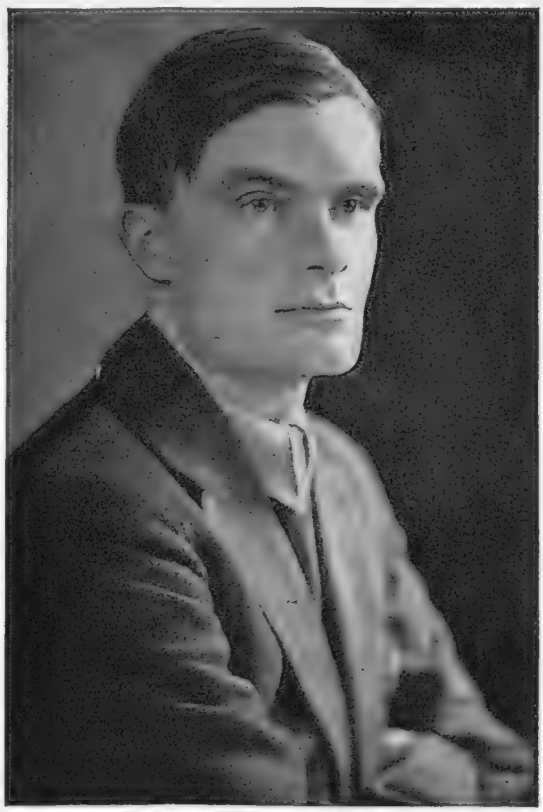
The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Travelling Successfully: By Alan Thomas

THERE is no particular moral to be drawn from the title of Mr. Beverley Nichols's latest book, *No Place Like Home* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), unless it be that if you travel abroad you should get back "in time for the daffodils." It is a series of impressions of a journey taken early this year to the Continent and Near East. In the first part, starting from Vienna, we accompany Mr. Nichols to Alexandria via Istambul. We mix with Kings and Queens and High Commissioners, and, needless to say, we travel in comfort. The second part is devoted to a visit—or should I say a pilgrimage?—to the Holy Land.

There is no author whose works can be more appropriately criticised with "absolute honesty" than Mr. Beverley Nichols. First, then, as to his style. He is desperately anxious never to be boring. In this book, for example, as an aid to getting on with the story, he introduces passim Irate Reader, with whom he argues and to whom he usually knuckles under. Yet to me Irate Reader was a bore. He irritated me, and I could have done without him. Odd as it may sound, what Mr. Nichols seems to want is more confidence in himself as an entertaining writer. As to the substance of what he writes and the judgments he expresses, there are occasions when he hits the nail on the head, as, for instance, when he is writing about Russell Pasha's work. But one must remember that Mr. Nichols is very sentimental and extremely impressionable. Take his confession to "a far juster and saner view of the ideals and realities of British Imperialism" (after a visit to Sir Miles Lampson). This does credit to his candour. But set it—as he does—beside what he wrote on the subject in *The Fool Hath Said* and you will see what I mean when I say he is impressionable. Moreover, the picture of Mr. Beverley Nichols standing in the Garden of Gethsemane tugging at rank nettles until his wrists are stung because, as he says, the garden had not been weeded, is not one on which I care to dwell. But when all is said, there is no denying that however irritated you may be at Mr. Nichols's writing, you want to go on reading him. And that speaks volumes—and sells them.

WHEN I see Mr. J. L. Hardy's name on the cover of a book I know that I am in for an exciting time. The background of his latest story, *Recoil* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is one of violence and intrigue. It is a reflection of what is going on in many parts of the Continent to-day. "All over Europe madmen are triumphantly planning the means of destroying other men." The scene is a German province which has been seized by its Slav neighbours, known as Midleurians. As Germany begins to recover her strength, the Germans in the lost province organise themselves into a secret army, working for *Der Tag*. The hero of the story is Captain Firka Stranard, a Midleurian Intelligence Officer whose special mission it is to root out the German rebellion. He was a tough guy, but not tough enough to resist the charms of Renate Bürger, frequenter of night-clubs and illegitimate daughter of a Prussian Uhlan. Not that Renate was a spy. She was too simple—or too sensible—for that. Her face was her fortune. But when her brother was killed by the Midleurian lot, she allowed herself to be used in a plot to assassinate Jan Novak, Midleuria's popular President. How she went about it and what became of her—and of the President and of Firka—I leave you to find out.



Mr. Francis Stuart

Is a poet, philosopher and historian; born in Australia, he was educated over here (Rugby) and has made Ireland his spiritual home; he is a member of the Irish Academy of Letters. His autobiography came out two years ago under the title, "Things to Live For." His latest novel, "The White Hare," was published by Collins and was the "Evening Standard" book of last month

I did not feel that *Recoil* was so moving as *Everything is Thunder*, but it is fully as exciting. Mr. Hardy is undoubtedly a master of thrills. The writing itself, I thought, fell a little short of his best. There are minor inaccuracies and queer touches of heaviness about some of the sentences. The book gave me the impression of having been written in a hurry.

I WISH Mr. Denis Mackail had written the story of his new book, *Back Again* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), himself, instead of choosing to relate it in the form of extracts from the diary of one E. J. Marsden. For I much prefer Mr. Mackail's delicate and charming talents as a novelist to Mr. Marsden as a diarist-cum-autobiographer. I may as well confess that I found Mr. Marsden a dullish fellow, and the story he tells is too slight for the number of pages he takes to tell it. There are too many entries in this strain: "One assumes (said he, becoming dashed philosophical suddenly) that one is entirely different from everyone else, or, of course, one isn't. But at the same time it seems hard to believe that everyone finds it quite as curious as I do to be an individual at all. Have I got to explain that? Or can I? It 's the ductless glands very likely (God bless 'em)."

In between reflections of this kind Mr. Marsden recounts how, coming back to England to retire after twenty-five years East of Suez, he finds himself launched straightway into the rôle of fairy godfather to his rather idiotic relations. And then, too, he gets his old firm out of a nasty jam: and in the midst of this he proposes to the girl who refused him before he went abroad—and she refuses him again. All this spreading of sweetness and light is told in the diary with a disarming modesty and a whimsicality which will either enchant or enrage. Personally, I had no regrets when the diary was full and the diarist decided against buying another manuscript book.

"WAKE UP AND LIVE," by Dorothea Brande (Arthur Barker; 3*s.* 6*d.*), is one of those helpful little volumes that tell you how to be successful. All that is necessary is to "act as if it were impossible to fail." Boiled down, what you have to do is "to act with a little more directness and courage than you have used before." "Success depends on a *plus* condition of mind and body, on power of work, on courage." Subject yourself to a course of self-discipline, application and concentration. Try for example, spending one hour a day without speaking except in answer to direct questions. Or talk for fifteen minutes without using the first person.

There are no doubt many people who might profit from this little book—provided they will take it all *au grand sérieux*. For I am afraid that a sense of humour might interfere rather badly with some of these admirable exercises.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Many lovely colours are present in the new autumn tweeds. The majority are closely woven, though fairly rough in texture, with a "knobbly" surface, while others have feathers incorporated in the weave. Checks are as prevalent as ever, and vary in size, some being small, as in the coat on the right. This is black and white, cut with a decidedly flared skirt and square padded shoulders. Black suède is used for the belt and spots on the scarf, which loops over protecting the chest from cold winds. It costs 8½ guineas and may be seen at Liberty's, Regent Street. There are also short and three-quarter-length coats in Scotch hand-woven tweed from 5½ guineas. They are charming for warmer days, as the colours are gay and unusual

Dover Street Studios

Tunics and Square Shoulders are Fashionable

There is little doubt that tunics have come to stay, and will be worn day and evening. They vary in style a certain amount, some being perfectly straight with a band of fur round the hem and practically no fulness. Many, on the other hand, are very flared, and at night tend to dip behind. The frock pictured above strikes a happy medium, and is very flattering to the figure. It is carried out in petrol blue "Glenshee" wool, strewn with raised motifs the shape of aeroplanes. Softly draped across the front, it has long sleeves gathered at the shoulders. The skirt is straight with pleats, and the price 6 guineas from Walpole of New Bond Street

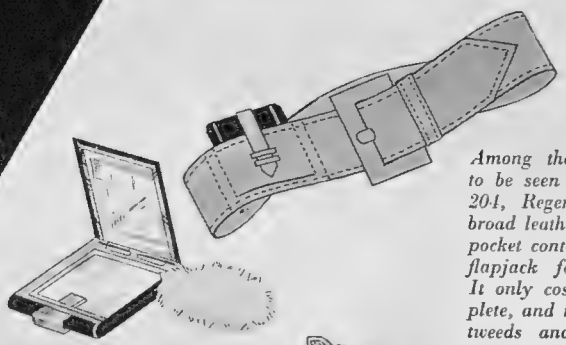
A jumper suit is always an asset at this time of year, as it is trim and smart on its own, and becoming with a fur coat as the season advances. Walpole's are showing the one on the right in brown bouclé wool with green scarf and buckle. It is enlivened by rows of cording, and is available in several new shades for 5½ guineas. This firm, by the way, specialise in washing silk frocks for hot climates. There are several different styles and the colours include delicate pastel shades. For travelling they have a wonderful new coat called "Rossitex," which looks like suède but weighs less. It is guaranteed wind- and rain-proof, and will wash in soapy water

Lenare

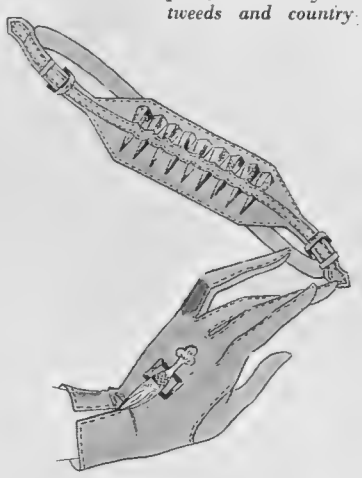
The BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta

pictured by pam

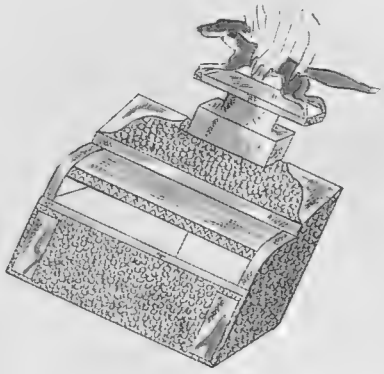


Among the new accessories to be seen at Jaeger House, 204, Regent Street, is this broad leather belt with safety pocket containing a practical flapjack for loose powder. It only costs a guinea complete, and is very smart with tweeds and country clothes

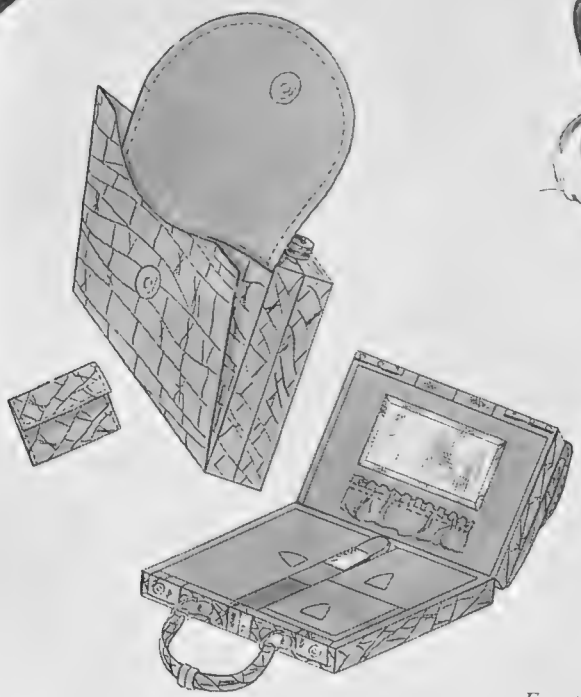


Belts are wide this autumn, and for sportswear Jaeger are showing the one sketched above, with two buckles and chromium spikes. They also have the short suède gloves, hand-stitched and decorated with a silver dagger and sheath. These cost 29s. 6d., and are available in bottle green

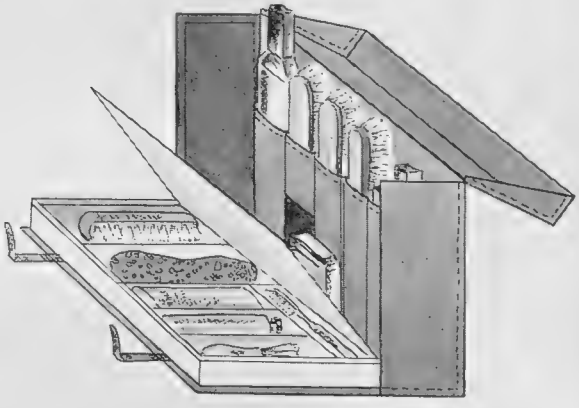
There is something very captivating about the child's dressing-gown below on the left. It is entirely hand-worked in primrose satin, appliquéd with motifs of dancing rabbits, and comes from The White House, 51, New Bond Street



This shagreen box from Drew's, 33, Regent Street, is fitted like a roll-top desk, with a chromium shutter which can be moved to and fro by lifting or lowering the running fox. It is primarily designed for cigarettes and makes a welcome gift



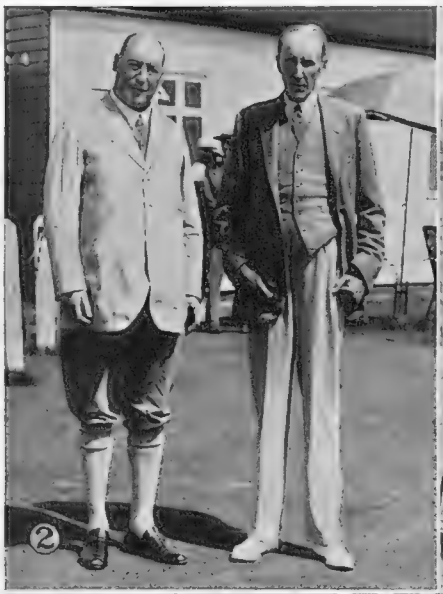
A new variation in vanity bags may be seen at Drew's. It is sketched in crocodile above, and, apart from the usual fittings, is made with an extra outside pocket containing a small flat purse



Everything a man could possibly want in the way of toilet accessories when travelling is packed in the pigskin case on the right. It comes from Drew's, and is so designed that bath requisites, such as sponge, soap and shaving brush, are stowed away in watertight compartments

Golf Clubs at Home : Bexhill

Bexhill Golf Club was founded in 1890. The length of the course is something over 5630 yards and the sea is visible from most holes, with views along the coast from Hastings to Beachy Head. Earl de la Warr has been president of the Club since 1930



(1) W. N. Cuthbert (captain). (2) W. G. Morant (vice-president) and G. Dunk. (3) F. R. Hobbes, F. C. Sheppard (committee member) and W. G. Allen. (4) Lt.-Col. Leeson Ball and Major A. H. Vergin (secretary). (5) F. S. B. Sutton (committee member) and Major T. T. Oakes. (6) Lt.-Col. S. Lethbridge and J. S. Johnstone. (7) H. H. Bell and S. W. Sulman. (8) F. A. Scott, Brig.-Gen. H. J. M. Marshall (committee members) and Neville Medley. (9) Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Maynard, J. B. Duncan and R. K. Stilgoe (committee member). (10) J. Mankelow (steward) and A. Mitchell (professional)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

News from Five Countries

THE team representing our Seniors Golfing Society left for the United States, by a much quicker and more comfortable way than our Walker Cup team, on September 2nd, the day when the foursomes in the Walker Cup match were played. The team will play in the Triangular International matches against the Seniors of the United States and Canada on the National Links, Long Island, New York, on September 21st, 22nd, and 23rd.

When the members of a team have to travel long distances, it is nearly always impossible to collect all the best players and consequently, in the past, our Seniors side has had to carry too many passengers. This year, however, we have a really good team, which with a shade of the necessary luck should win on foreign soil for the first time since these matches were started. So far we have always won when the matches have been played in Great Britain, and the United States team has always won when play has taken place in the United States.

At least three of our team are good enough golfers to play in the American Amateur Championship, and they propose to do so, namely, H. E. Taylor, A. R. Aitken, and Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Boyd, who have all represented their various countries in International golf matches, not confined to Seniors. It is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility for one of these three to beat a member of our Walker Cup team in the American Amateur Championship, if the luck of the draw brings them together.

THE new *News-Chronicle* £1000 Professional Golf Tournament resulted in a win for a man who had never before been successful in any really big golf tournament. D. A. Curtis, professional to the Queen's Park G.C., Bournemouth, won with scores of 71, 70, 71 and 71, but he only had one shot to spare from D. J. Rees, the Surbiton assistant, who returned 75, 71, 71, and 67, and R. Burton, who returned a total of 284.

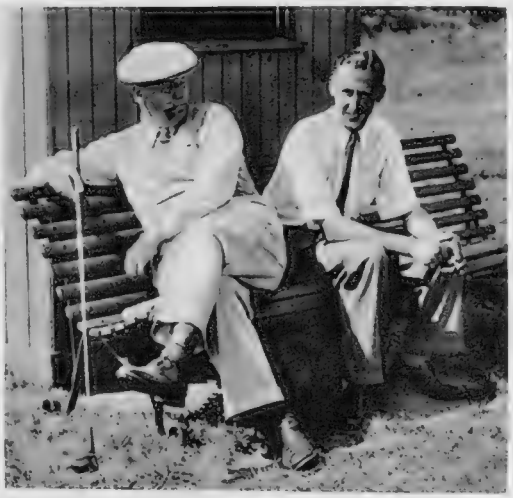
Curtis has always been very long; he hit the longest drive (278 yards, 2 feet, and 6 inches) in the long-driving competition at the Open Championship of 1923 at Troon, but as he hit two shots out of bounds, he did not win the competition. He is just over thirty years of age, has worked very hard at the game and has made himself a much steadier driver without losing length, and is now a really good and reliable putter. Like so many winners of big golf competitions before him, he had to thank his putter more than any other club.

D. J. Rees, who has won the *Daily Mirror* Tournament for assistants for the last two years, and was only beaten in the final the previous year, has played extremely well the whole way through this season. Rees is small, but this does not prevent him from hitting the ball as far as the majority of first-class professionals; he is good round the greens, and when he gets on them he putts with confidence and great courage. Miss Wethered was very impressed by Rees's golf when he played against her in the foursomes at Sunningdale in March this year.

Padgham started with a 76 and could not quite make up the ground he thus lost. Bad putting and failing to get threes at the short holes were the chief causes of his relatively bad card. He finally returned a total of 287, four shots behind the winner.

The best score returned during the tournament was 66; the players to return this score were Syd Easterbrook in the first round, A. J. Lacey in the third round, and Max Faulkner, another of the many very good assistants, in the fourth round. Another young assistant, J. Fallon, of the Huddersfield G.C., returned 69 and 68 on the last day and was the only player to beat 70 in both rounds on the final day.

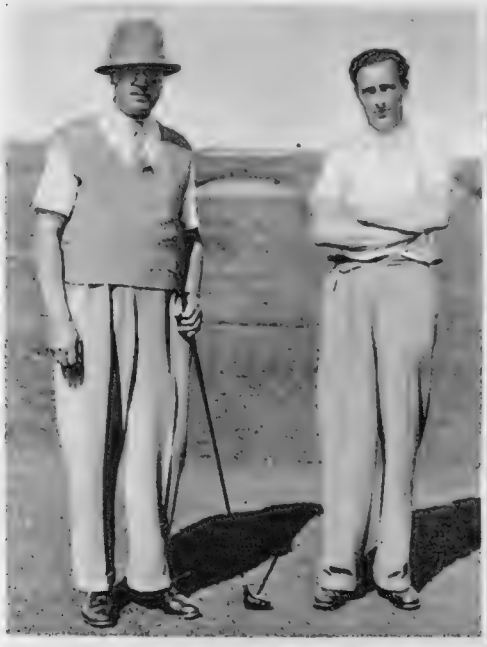
(Concluded on page iv)



Semi-Finalist at Deal

G. Grant Govan, Junr. (right) beat the Hon. Drogo Montagu (holder) to reach the semi-final of the Borough Cup, when he was beaten by D. N. V. Smith (R. Cinque Ports). He is with R. E. Grant Govan

Right: A. Elliott (Royal St. George's) with Carol Powers (Royal Cinque Ports), who beat him 3 and 1 in the first round. Powers went down to V. ff. Smith by 2 and 1 in the second round



Borough of Deal Cup Players at the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club

Lt.-Col. F. Kirby (R. Cinque Ports) beat C. G. Lawrence (right) by two holes in the first round, but was beaten by R. N. Benjamin (R. Eastbourne) in the second

V. ff. Smith (R. Cinque Ports) beat E. J. A. Roberts (right) in the first round and reached the third round, to be beaten there by G. D. Hannay (R. St. George's) at the nineteenth hole

W. O. Newcomb lost to D. N. V. Smith (R. Cinque Ports; right) in the first round; Smith was runner-up, beaten by another Cinque Ports player, K. C. Holloway, 2 and 1 in the final

Lord and Lady Reay in Honolulu

The Hawaiian polo season opened recently and Lord and Lady Reay, visiting Honolulu and seen with Mr. Walter Dillingham, a well-known local player, attended the first matches. Lady Reay was Miss Charlotte Younger—marriage was last April

Mrs. Jay Gould Water Ski-ing at Juan

Water ski-ing is one of the latest sports; it was invented by Captain d'Arcy Rutherford at Monte Carlo, where there are now water ski races. This picture was taken at Juan-les-Pins; American Mrs. Frank Jay Gould is already an expert

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

So the cricket season is over at last, and now we have only the news from Australia to sustain us until the summer comes again. It has been a queerly-mixed season. The weather of the opening months brought several of the lesser counties near to extinction, and then in the blazing days of August we were reminded that the game has still as strong a hold as ever over the public.

It was fine to see great crowds gathering at Lord's and the Oval for county matches. Give us sunshine, and the cricket pessimists may hide their heads. What I find most encouraging, though, is the emergence of personalities among the younger players. Players like young Denis Compton, of Middlesex, do more than record crowds to revive our faith in the game.

Actually Compton has shown more consistency than Gimblett, of Somerset, who leapt into the limelight so amazingly at the beginning of the season. I think, as a matter of fact, that Gimblett has been a little unlucky. He is obviously a player of the highest promise. It would have done him good to go to Australia. He would have learnt some valuable lessons there.

We do not give our young players much encouragement. If they do so brilliantly that the selectors are forced to pick them for a representative match, they have no sense of security. They know that if they fail on the big occasions they will probably be dropped like hot bricks. Gimblett was dropped, but I am willing to bet that the Australians would have handled him very differently. They would have given him encouragement. They would have coached him wisely. They would have made the most of such obviously fine material.

Perhaps the most interesting of the youngsters who have established themselves this summer is N. W. D. Yardley,

(Concluded on page ii)

With Major Houston's Shoot

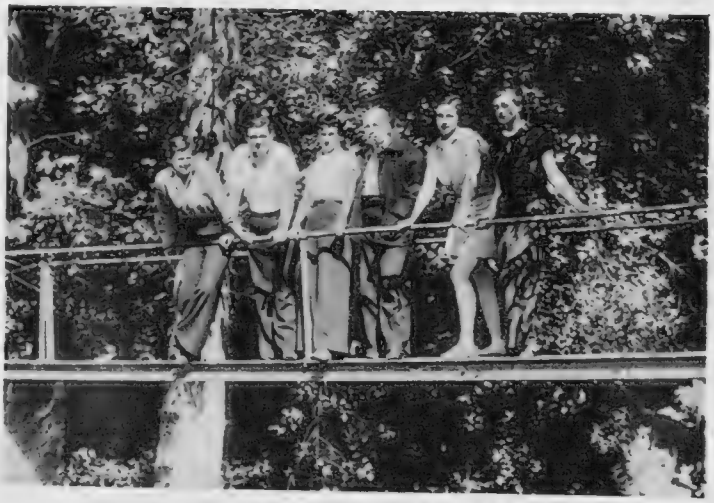
Colonel Howard led the party to the butts, followed by Miss Diana de Hoghton, the Hon. Myfida Kenyon (Lord Kenyon's twin sister), Mrs. G. W. Lloyd, Mrs. Heywood-Lonsdale, Mr. Percy Eccles, and Sir Allan Horne. Major Houston's shoot is at Dyke Ends, Glen Isla, Forfarshire

Miss Sophia Harris Weighs Anchor

Emlyn Williams is on tour with his "Night Must Fall," and has let his island bungalow at Wraysbury to "Motley"; it's an ideal place for uninterrupted work

A Motley Holiday

Miss Elizabeth Montgomery and Miss Peggy and Miss Sophia Harris, the theatre décor designers who work under the name "Motley," are making a mixed work-and-play holiday. Work consists of designing sets for H. M. Tennent's new historical production, *Charles the King*, starring Barry Jones and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies



M. Michel Saint-Denis, the skilful producer of the Compagnie des Quinze and founder of the London Theatre Studio, was one of "Motley's" visitors; above, he's helping (morally) Miss Peggy Harris with a trial set for "Charles the King"

Left: "Motley" and visitors: Miss Sophia Harris, Mr. George de Vine, Miss Elizabeth Montgomery, M. Michel Saint-Denis, Miss Vera Poliakoff and Miss Peggy Harris

Photographs by Swaebe

Miss Elizabeth Montgomery, who was at the same art school as the Harris sisters, building up a set. "Motley" credits this year include "The Happy Hypocrite," "Richard II" (O.U.D.S.), and "Farewell Performance"

Miss Peggy Harris, M. Michel Saint-Denis, and Miss Vera Poliakoff (who played Lucrèce in "Le Viol de Lucrèce" with the Compagnie des Quinze) feeding some local cygnets. "Motley" are joining Saint-Denis's London Theatre Studio to teach and design

Golfers' Round-up

September Season at North Berwick

Waiting to Play

Miss Eileen Tweedie, who plays in the East Lothian county golf team, and Mrs. Andrew Atha, formerly Betty Rumbold, niece of Sir Horace Rumbold

Miss Grosvenor, Lady Long and the Duchess of Rutland

Beatrice Grosvenor, Lady Dorothy Charteris' elder daughter and a grand-daughter of the late Duke of Westminster, Lady Long of Wraxall and her aunt, the Duchess of Rutland. Miss Beatrice Grosvenor's younger sister, Rosemary (also at North Berwick), came out last year

Standing By

The Earl of Donoughmore (in old-school-bow-tie) was content to stand by and watch North Berwick golf with Colonel Charles Wyld and Miss Joan Wyld

Resting on the right are Miss Barbara Steele, who is engaged to Mr. Alexander Gordon - Lennox, another North Berwick habitué, and Miss Mary Lampson, daughter of the High Commissioner in Egypt and Lady Lampson (the Count of Kisymaio's daughter)

Delay in the Sun

Cars with a Personality

The Two-Litre M.G. : By The Earl of Cardigan

THE letters M.G. are apt to conjure up the vision of a small, sporting, or even quasi-racing car, ideal for the young and enthusiastic, but perhaps less attractive to the more staid majority of motorists. It was a good car—and still is—this small type of M.G.; but the new two-litre model is built for a wider public. It combines a high performance with comfortable roominess and interior luxury.

The two-litre saloon is a car of generous over-all dimensions. It has a six-cylinder overhead-valve engine of approximately 18 h.p. It responds well to being driven either in a bold or a leisurely manner, according to the driver's inclination.

The engine runs with extreme smoothness, and—since its potential speed ranges between 300 and 5500 revolutions per minute—it gives remarkable flexibility. It is also, in the modern sports car tradition, commendably silent. In top gear, it will accelerate from a mere crawl up to a maximum of 85 or even 90 m.p.h.

Best of all, it runs in a delightfully easy manner at speeds in the region of 60 m.p.h. It can thus cruise along really fast, without any effort either real or apparent.

THERE is a four-speed gear-box, with a short lever placed very handily. Third and top gears are synchro-mesh, and second gear is quite reasonably easy. When real acceleration is required, very fine results can be obtained by making free use of the third gear. This is an excellent ratio, giving a maximum speed of 65 or 70 m.p.h.

The springing is most comfortable. There is none of the jarring which one sometimes associates with suspension in sports-cars. Indeed, if it errs at all, it is slightly on the soft side. The steering is very light, and the spring-spoked wheel transmits none of the road shocks.

The brakes are, of necessity, first-rate. ("Safety Fast!" is the M.G. slogan.) They are of the hydraulic type, and are so perfectly progressive in their response to pedal pressure as to engender in the driver an immediate sense of confidence. The hand-brake is of the racing variety.

THERE are many good chassis features, of which I can only list a few, such as the hydraulic jacks and grouped lubrication nipples. Full marks to the man who thought of duplicating the electric petrol pump. This is a most admirable innovation—reminiscent, in principle, of aero engine practice.

The coachwork is throughout most comfortable, and the driving position could hardly be bettered. An unusual and handy feature is that, although there are four doors, the backs of the front seats are capable of folding forward. For a really fast car which is also luxurious, the M.G. is modestly priced at £375.

The two-litre M.G., in addition to being a sports car of no ordinary merit, is also extremely comfortable for everyday motoring. The chassis provides space for luxurious coachwork

The driving position is excellent and the short, stiff gear lever, with its positive reverse stop, comes readily to hand. The brake lever is of the efficient racing type

The back seat provides genuine comfort. There are four doors; but the tilting front seats are an additional asset. The doors have this unusual good point—that, when opened, they will stay open of their own accord

The luggage compartment is large and by an ingenious arrangement the floor of it is all on one level, thus simplifying the stowing of suit-cases

Flights of Fact and Fancy

By Charles Ward

Vice-President Noel Coward at Lympne when his flying club, the Cinque Ports, was at home for the International Rally. From l. to r., Mr. Jack Wilson, Princess Paley, Mr. Noel Coward, Miss Joyce Carey, Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, and Mr. Alan Webb

Stratospherics

THE novelists' dream of flight at 1000 miles an hour through the stratosphere can be dismissed as a fantastic speculation in so far as this generation is concerned. What will be possible very shortly is a speed of 300 miles an hour, aided or retarded by the high winds that are alleged to be flowing at great heights. The advantage to be obtained by going high is found in the lessened resistance of the "air," but two serious difficulties have to be overcome before any benefit to travel can be achieved. First of all, the aircraft with its engine must be so constructed that it can rise to great heights and stay there; secondly, some method must be found to enable the occupants to breathe properly. The solution to the first snag has been found. The Bristol Company has constructed an experimental 'plane for the Air Ministry which, it is expected, will regain the altitude record for this country. The French took the record from the Italians quite recently with a height of nearly 50,000 feet. Bristol engines have held the record for many years and the combination of engine and machine from the same factory should be ideal. The problem of giving air to passengers is more difficult. Quite likely, a hermitically-sealed cabin will be designed so that atmospheric pressure, temperature and oxygen content can be kept normal. One delight of high flying should be mentioned. There are no clouds and no bumps at 50,000 feet!

Master and disciple: Mignet displaying the good points of his latest all-weather "Flea" to S. V. Appleby, who is the leading British constructor and pilot of this midget 'plane

'Planes of All Nations

THE International Rally at Lympne was, as usual, one of the best events of the season. Thirty-six pilots arrived from the Continent, including sixteen from Belgium and eight from Germany. Sir Philip Sassoon, whose constituency is Hythe; Lord Willingdon, who is Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and has accepted the presidency of the club; and Mr. Noel Coward, the vice-president, offered hospitality to the guests. Mr. Jimmy Haizlip, an American on holiday over here, won the Wakefield Cup, flying a Cessna 34 entered by Surrey Flying Services. The T.K2, built by the students of the de Havilland Technical School, averaged 171½ in its heat and 170 in the final. Fastest time was made by the Caudron "Simoun" at 175½ miles an hour, piloted by M. Guy Hansez, from Belgium. An amusing "turn" was the formation flying by the "Simoun" and the old 1912 Caudron pusher, brought over from Belgium recently by Ken Waller. The ability of the 1936 Caudron, which can fly at 200, to go slow at 65, which is the top speed of the old pusher going slightly downhill, is an interesting commentary on modern speed range. The "Gauntlets" of No. 19 Squadron, R.A.F., under Flight-Lieut. Broadhurst, gave their usual finished display of aerobatics whilst tied together. The individual stunt of the meeting was provided by Herr Paul Forster, from Dortmund, whose Focke-Wulf Stieglitz performed every manœuvre it is impossible to imagine. Fräulein Ilsa Fastenrath's display on her Fiesler, although less sensational, was perfectly-timed and a model for exhibition purposes.

Out With the Gliders

THE vagaries of the weather have caused plenty of excitement at the British gliding competitions, but it is such uncertainties of wind, sun and cloud that make gliding a fascinating sport for those with enough patience to wait for the right conditions. The Derbyshire and Lancashire Club's site at Bradwell Edge, 1300 feet high, is in typical Pennine country, where soaring can be practised with safety. Although no world's record may have been broken at the meeting, the average performance was high. On the first day a strange wind turned the training gliders into sail-planes and novices found some difficulty in getting to earth. Several flights were completed after dark. One of the home club's pilots, in a "Golden Wren," made three successive loops to lose height for his landing. The 'planes designed by the Cambridge Group have proved very successful. Visiting pilots from Germany, where soaring is practiced on a very big scale, were full of praise for the advances made by England during the past year. No doubt the Air Ministry subsidy, small though it is, has given a fresh fillip to the movement because, in order to qualify, clubs have been compelled to take the lease of a good site.

Tarmac News

THE cabin monoplane designed by F. G. Miles at Reading for Whitney Straight is to be sold at a price that gives £15 change out of a cheque for £1000. It is the last word in modern transport for the owner-pilot or as a trainer for those who will have to fly the high-speed monoplanes that are coming into use everywhere for commercial purposes. Its Gipsy Major pulls it along at a speed of 150 miles an hour with a comfortable cruising average of 135. There are two seats and plenty of room for luggage to cater for a long tour. There is a steady increase in aircraft ownership for business and pleasure. Lloyd's reports 1755 as the number on the Register at the middle of August. British private males own 636, whilst the ladies have 37. There are 504 taxis and 'planes used for joy-riding and school work. Mr. Tom Walls has been seen at Brooklands with his son for a spot of fresh air aloft. Other visitors included Air Marshal Sir Cyril Newall with Sir Philip Sassoon, in the latter's "Dragonfly." The de Havilland entry for the Johannesburg race is really a larger edition of the "Dragonfly," and a performance approaching that of the "Comet" in the race to Australia is expected. At Heston, the ex-King of Siam has gone solo, adding his name to those of an international fraternity whose signatures adorn the local dope can.

Round the Empire by Boat

PROGRESS at Rochester has been very rapid on the first of the Empire flying-boats. "Canopus" is under test by Imperial Airways and will be put into commission on the Mediterranean early next month. Maximum speed has proved to be around 200 miles an hour with full load. The second boat to fly, "Caledonia," is scheduled for Felixstowe for Air Ministry trials, so that the new type can obtain its C. of A. After these tests, it will be engaged on a non-stop flight round the coast of Great Britain, which is a distance of 2500 miles, prior to service across the Atlantic. Third in series is "Cavalier," which will be shipped to Bermuda for the route to New York. "Centaurus," the fourth, will have long-range tanks for trans-oceanic experiments, and "Cambria," the fifth, will go to the Mediterranean. The Napier "Rapier" engine to be used in the Mayo seaplane has received official approval.

"YES . . . I SAID PLAYER'S"
CORK
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
TIPS
GARETTES
EDIUM"
the CORK TIPS
are always so
delightfully
smooth !
20
for
1 1½D
'IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS'
N.C.C.334.H

Women's Golf

Enterprising Women Golfers

By Eleanor E. Helme

North Berwick Regulars

Miss Rosemary Johnstone and Miss Rosemary Grosvenor both know the North Berwick course pretty well, and were both Jubilee debs. Rosemary Grosvenor is Lady Dorothy Charteris's daughter

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I DO admire enterprise, don't you? What has set me off like this is three bits of news in the golfing world. The first is Miss Pam Barton's sudden dash to America all by herself. There 's enterprise of one kind. I know that nowadays the Atlantic is almost as simply crossed as the Solent and that Miss Barton is a seasoned traveller, but all the same, there 's something pretty good about setting forth alone to make a bid for laurels that no Britisher has plucked since Mrs. Temple Dobell in 1913. It would have been a lot easier to stay at home and have a try for the lesser ones of the English Championship at Hayling, but then, the easy way ought not to appeal to any young golfer, and certainly does not to our present British champion. She is a fighter. Good luck to her!

Then there is the Troon effort on behalf of the International Match Fund of the Ladies' Golf Union. I make a guess that Mrs. Walter Greenlees had a particularly active finger in that well-cooked pie, though she is far too modest to say so, for she seems to be a born organiser. At all events, everything went with a great swing, and everybody worked hard, and all because Troon realised that they had an amazing record in five members who have represented Great Britain at home or on tour, and that therefore it was up to them as a club to do something to repay all the enormous pleasure that Mrs. Coats, Mrs. Greenlees, Mrs. Holm, Miss Jean McCulloch and Mrs. J. B. Walker have been given and, what was more, to show their pride in them. Those five worked like the proverbial blacks.

THERE 's real Scottish sense and practicality for you, it being a very obvious fact that the Antipodes and elsewhere cannot be toured without the expenditure of funds, and that if other golfers (now probably playing in the Girls' Championship) are to have the same privileges, more funds must be raised. Without doubt the two of those five who went to Australia and New Zealand realised the enormous value of those tours, not only to the players who went, but to golfers in those Dominions, and that the almost incredibly strong imperial and home-country-loving feeling out there which the sight of the British team ministered to so grandly, is something greatly worth fostering. The International Match Fund of the L.G.U. is one which can easily be forgotten; it is in no sense a charity, and rich, charitable folk may well say they would rather give to causes of direct necessity—unemployed or waifs and strays, playing-fields or sick animals. But the point is that the golfers could spare plenty of small sums which can be collected in large ones, and have, moreover, no end of fun in the collecting if anybody takes the trouble to do the organising.

That is what Troon did. For a long time beforehand members might be encountered offering tickets; then a treasure-hunt, organised by Colonel and Mrs. McInnes Shaw, which was so cleverly worked out that everybody enjoyed it, not forgetting the dancing, the ham and the eggs in which it came to a grand finale. Then more or less serious business of an open meeting, for which Troon Club most generously gave the courtesy of the Portland course, with side-shows less serious. The five Internationalists aforesaid may be presumed to have been too busy organising to win—at all events, Miss Jean McLintock (which is not a misprint for McCulloch, but a quite different golfer, who only just missed her bronze medal in this year's Scottish) won the scratch with a splendid 78, and handicap prizes went to Mrs. Victor Warren, Miss Alice Murdoch, Mrs. Jameson, and Miss Angela Rome, long driving to Mrs. Rome, and pitching and putting to Mrs. R. J. C. Clark. And an apt speech by Mrs. Cumming, captain of the ladies' club, and no less than £82 for the International Fund. After that, who next? Much might be done if a few other clubs in popular golfing centres would follow suit.

NOW for the third enterpriser—namely, Miss Molly Gourlay. I do not mean winning the Swedish Championship by 10 and 8, though that was good enough, but her invasion of the realm of golf-course architecture. Almost before we have realised that she is aught more than an interested amateur at the business—"Molly's Folly" at Camberley Heath's eighteenth will soon be numbering its victims by the hundred—she is off on a job to Ireland.

Miss Gourlay is a knowledgable golfer, who devotes any amount of thought to the game, and for a long time the subject of course construction has fascinated her; everybody will wish her success and enjoyment over work on which, to a greater extent than many of us realise, enjoyment of golf depends.

NEWS of Miss Joyce Wethered's engagement to Sir John Heathcoat-Amory, is something to keep the post busy with good wishes and congratulations to both of them. What it may mean to the golf world nobody can say at the moment, but Miss Wethered holds so warm a place in the affections of so enormous a circle that everybody will wish her happiness.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Hambro Quartet

On a North Berwick Bench: Miss Patricia Hambro, Miss Elizabeth Hambro, Miss Patsy Hambro and Miss Jean Hambro. Patsy Hambro is Sybil Lady Hambro's daughter; the others are daughters of Capt. Angus Hambro

Jean Anderson at Home

North Berwick without Jean Anderson wouldn't be North Berwick. (She belongs to that popular and independent group led by Pam Deuchar). Here she is driving off the first tee with Jim Bailey in background

exquisitely beautiful model cape fashioned of whole skin white foxes
125 guineas
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WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Summer Sport

(Continued from page 456)

of Cambridge and Yorkshire. Yardley played a very fine innings in the Varsity match, and since term ended he has held his place in the Yorkshire team, which is saying something.

Yardley is an uncommonly gifted all-round athlete, and already the pundits are tipping him as a potential England cricket captain. This is not so wild a prognostication as some I have heard, for Yardley has the personality as well as the playing ability.

Before his time comes, though, it may well be that prejudice will have yielded to common sense, and a professional will captain England. Does the prospect disturb you? Why should it? And the fact remains that the best captain in England to-day is "Wally" Hammond. Do you remember how he led the Players against the Gentlemen at Lord's? Well, then.

Now, reluctantly, we must let the cricket season slip into the pages of *Wisden*. The appearance of the *Rugby Football Annual*, incidentally, reminds me that "Rugger" is indeed on its way. Already I have seen exceedingly hot young men earnestly indulging in scrum practices, and those misguided enthusiasts who started serious matches last Saturday will be suffering now from intensely sore knees and elbows. Unless I am much mistaken, there will be some broken bones and torn muscles to mend into the bargain.

They are a little alarmed up in the north by Rugby League activities. The professionals have started a club at Newcastle, possibly because Northumberland did so well in the County Championship last year that local interest in the Rugby game has been stimulated. Two of the Northumberland Rugby Union team have joined the League club—S. Edwards, a useful forward, and R. Liddle, the scrum-half—but I doubt whether the League challenge will amount to much.

It is not easy to establish the Rugby League in centres where Rugby Union flourishes, as league promoters have discovered in London. I say this without malice to the League game, which I admire. It is interesting to note the increasing numbers of Rugby Union enthusiasts who go to the League final at Wembley. Very sensible of them, too, for the League game has much to teach the unprejudiced Rugby Unionist.

As a matter of fact, in all games nowadays the distinction between the amateur and the professional dwindles rapidly. The Rugby Union, I know, are still amateur to the core, but the day is not far distant when games-playing will be recognised everywhere as one of the established and highly respectable professions, on a par with the law or medicine.

I see that Jesse Owens, the great American negro athlete, has duly fulfilled the predictions and turned professional. A pity that we shall not see him in the next Games at Tokyo, but there it is. That is the way of the modern world. Owens, I am sure, could have broken more world's records. Before he left Germany he said he proposed to give up sprinting and take to the quarter-mile. An Owens' quarter would be worth watching. And he has not yet jumped his furthest by a long chalk.

It is a pity that the Berlin Games have left behind them so much wrangling and bickering. The papers still publish letters from earnest folk who discuss British decadence at full length, and suggest that other nations do not fetter themselves by quite so strict a definition of the amateur status.

There we have it again, this "shamateur" bogey, though there are other bones of contention about the Games. Some of the athletes themselves are making belated protests about the management of their particular branches of sport. The water polo boys seem particularly upset, and E. H. Temme, the Channel swimmer, has been credited with statements which he now denies.

I saw some of the water polo at Berlin. I saw Great Britain torpedoed very thoroughly by a lot of powerful brown gentlemen from Hungary. But, frankly, I was not much impressed by water polo. It seemed to me all fouls and whistle.

I much prefer to remember another game played in blazing heat at Berlin—hockey—and one match in particular—All-India against America. The Indians were a sheer delight to watch—their speed, their stick-work, their anticipation and combination were perfect. If the All-Indian Olympic hockey team could tour England this winter, I warrant the gates would break all records.

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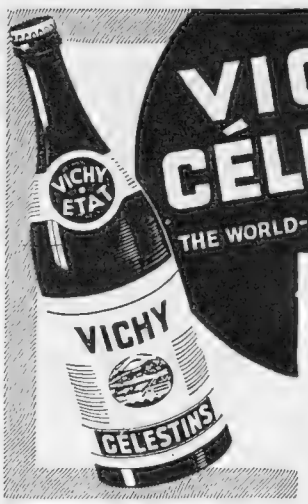

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(*Continued from page 455*)

ENGLAND does not, nowadays, very often win anything of importance on the golf course, therefore it was very pleasant to read that England won the tournament that went by the illustrious name of "Grand Golf Prize of the Nations," at Baden-Baden. We have, fortunately, been spared golf matches in the Olympic Games, but I am afraid that this tournament was intended to take the place of Olympic Games golf. England was represented by T. J. Thirsk, Bridlington G.C., and A. L. Bentley, Hesketh G.C., the young brother of the English Champion, and just about as good a golfer.

Thirsk has for some years been a really first-class golfer, but never before quite so good as he has been this year. A very large number of those who have seen him play this year held the opinion that he should have been invited to represent us in the Walker Cup match. At Baden-Baden, where the course is very short, Thirsk did a 65; however short and easy a course is, no-one can play anything except really good golf to go round in such a small number of strokes as 65. Thirsk, besides representing the winning side, won the prize for the best individual score.

Commander J. R. Johnston (Worplesdon), who reached the fifth round to be beaten by Smith, with A. Sheriff (R. Cinque Ports), whom he beat 2 and 1 in the first round

Lt.-Col. E. C. Beard (Littlestone) and Lord Mandeville (Prince's) both survived to late rounds at Deal, Lt.-Col. Beard to the fourth (beaten by the semi-finalist, Smith, by a hole), Lord Mandeville to the third (beaten by J. W. Bealey, 4 and 3)

A SMALL party of British men and women golfers visited Sweden last month to play in the championships at Bastad and was successful in annexing both the Amateur and Ladies' Championhsips. R. Rutherford, who won the last London foursomes with Captain H. C. C. Tippet as his partner, won the Amateur by beating a local player in the final. On his way to the final Rutherford had a very close match with A. S. G. Thompson, whom he finally beat by two holes up and one to play. The final of the Ladies' was an all-English affair in which Miss Molly Gourlay beat Miss Nancy Gibbons. Miss Sheila Stroyan, who is still at school, played at Bastad and then went on to Denmark, where she reached the 36-hole final of the Ladies' Championship, to be beaten four and three by Miss Mund. Miss Stroyan is one of the most promising of our young players. She has already won a scratch prize at the Sunningdale Ladies' G.C. against a field of grown-ups.

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(15th Year) Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1936

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1936

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 18th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 18th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1935 or 1936, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

FORUM CLUB HOSPITALITY

The Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, most generously give Honorary Membership to all competitors during the Autumn Foursomes. As bedroom accommodation is limited, those wishing to avail themselves of this privilege by staying there should apply as soon as possible to the Secretary there. Visitors' tickets for other competitors will be obtainable from BYSTANDER officials at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

A COCKTAIL PARTY

kindly arranged by the Sports Section of the Forum Club, will be held there on Thursday, October 8.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1936 **No Entrance Fee**

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 18th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address .....

..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address .....

..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON SEPTEMBER

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 9 — September 15

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor in pursuit of psychological data, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COMPOSITE MAN.—Ronald Jeans writes a straight play, described as a comedy of bluff, a satire on the commercialisation of art; Richard Bird and Diana Churchill (*Dominant Sex*) lead: Daly's, 8.30.

COMUS, and MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Milton's mask and Shakespeare's fantasy alternate throughout the closing weeks of the Open Air Theatre; one of London's most charming experiences: 8.30. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GENTLE RAIN.—Rather funereal in plot and action but with strong character part by Haidée Wright and competent acting by Alan Napier and Viola Keats: Vaudeville, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Clifford Bartlett, Marjorie Mars, and Viola Tree acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Rex Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you 'll love it: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LILAC TIME.—The old Schubert favourite has Helen Gilliland, George Graves, Charles Mayhew, and Maria Minetti in the cast: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO! NO! NANETTE.—This old favourite has Clifford Mollison, Phyllis Monkman and Barbara Vernon to sweeten it with the old songs, and Shaun Glenville to salt it with humour: Hippodrome, 6.25 and 9.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with some stirring scenery by Ernst Stern and plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 81.—Don Galvan, the Mexican troubadour, returns, Paddy Browne is a newcomer, there's a "September Morn" tableau and an Olympic Games sketch: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, Madge Elliott, and Cyril Richard in it: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—The Farjeons' comedietta is a gay, romping piece and the best bit of gentle satire on Victoriana ever seen; musical, too, with a long, strong cast: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Last days of Leonora Corbett's clever lead in a play about a forging family: Comedy, 8.30. Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspense and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical and topical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Last three days to see this hilarious American farce, with Romney Brent the making of it: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Cochran shows Hugh Mills' new comedy to London, after the provinces had loved Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire in it: Shaftesbury, to-night, 9th.

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE.—The newest Mary Ellis, presented by H. M. Tennent and produced by Irene Hentschel: Lyric, Thurs., 10th.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Postponed first night of the new Ivor Novello musical, with himself, Zena Dare, Dorothy Dickson, and Walter Crisham, is at Drury Lane, Fri., 11th.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.—The Vic winter season opens with this lesser-known Shakespeare; Tyrone Guthrie produces: Old Vic, Mon., 14th.

MADEMOISELLE.—From the French play of Deval, who wrote *Tovarich*; Noel Coward produces, Isabel Jeans, Greer Garson, Madge Titheradge, and Cecil Parker lead: Wyndham's, Tues., 15th.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Revival, with same cast, of the Capek Brothers' satire: Little, Tues., 15th.

CINEMAS

AS YOU LIKE IT (British).—Elisabeth Bergner as Rosalind, Leon Quartermaine as Jacques, Laurence Olivier as Orlando; generous display of talent in first British Shakespeare film: Carlton.

DE KRIBBEBIJTER (Dutch).—Means the Cross-patch, and is the taming of a masculine shrew. Louis Borel (well known here), Cor Ruys and Louis de Bree are the stars: Academy (till Sat.).

EAST MEETS WEST (British).—George Arliss is a Sultan, Lucie Mannheim a brutal trader's wife and Godfrey Tearle the British Ambassador, in a drama of the East: New Gallery.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's giant biographical spectacle stars William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Luise Rainer, and is lavish to suffocation: His Majesty's, 2.15 and 8.15.

IT 'S LOVE AGAIN (British).—Attractive Jessie Matthews dances charmingly through a blithe tale with Sonnie Hale and some fine sets; Victor Saville directed: Tivoli.

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES (British).—H. G. Wells' whimsical tale makes a convincing film with Roland Young as the miracle-worker, Joan Gardner and Ralph Richardson: Leicester Square.

MARY OF SCOTLAND (American).—Katharine Hepburn as the Queen and Fredric March as Bothwell in a lavish glimpse of "history": Empire.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (American).—Capra's clever new film with more than a turn of satire and wit; Gary Cooper at his best; also Jean Arthur and Lionel Stander: Regal.

PALM SPRINGS AFFAIR (American).—Very, very light comedy about complications at an American resort. Frances Langford and Sir Guy Standing: Plaza (from Friday).

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (British).—Revival of the Orczy-Korda tale of revolution: Curzon.

SECRET AGENT (British).—The Maugham *Ashenden* film, with Peter Lorre, John Gielgud, and Madeleine Carroll, has a pre-release revival: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SYLVIA UND IHR CHAUFFEUR (Austrian).—A Viennese souffléd with some good music, Olga Tschechowa and Leo Slezak: Academy (from Monday, 14th).

A WOMAN ALONE (British).—Very fine acting by Anna Sten, who quite lifts this ordinary story of pre-war Russia out of the ordinary: London Pavilion.

Première

ACCUSED (British).—Dolores del Rio, Florence Desmond, and Douglas Fairbanks, jr., in a back-stage murder drama; première in aid of Institute of Journalists' Pensions Fund: London Pavilion, Mon., 14th.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT, 9TH: Brahms Concert, with the B.B.C. women's chorus; four songs for chorus, horns and harp, piano concerto in D minor (Solomon) and third symphony in F.

THURS., 10TH: Sibelius Concert, with Muriel Brunskill; *The Tempest* prelude, violin concerto in D minor (Arthur Catterall), "The Ferryman's Bride" ballad, and second symphony in D.

FRI., 11TH: Beethoven Concert; first symphony in C, recitative and aria from *Fidelio* (Stiles-Allen), piano concerto in G (Nicolas Medtner), and eighth symphony in F.

SAT., 12TH: Mixed concert; Chopin's piano concerto in E minor, Flower Song from *Carmen*, Liszt's first Hungarian Rhapsody, Ibert's saxophone concerto (first performance in England).

MON., 14TH: Wagner-Berlioz Concert; *Siegfried* and *Damnation de Faust* excerpts, and Berlioz's "La Captive" song with orchestra.

TUES., 15TH: Tchaikowsky Concert, with Moiseiwitsch; *Romeo and Juliet* overture, piano-concerto in B flat minor, fourth symphony in F; also pieces by Rimsky-Korsakov, Mossolov and Glazounov.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

FLOWER SHOW.—By the National Rose Society: New Horticultural Hall, Westminster, Fri., 11th and Sat., 12th.

NATIONAL BABY SHOW.—Opens at Crystal Palace, Mon., 14th (till 19th).

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS' EXHIBITION.—Royal Institute Galleries.

SPORT

In and Out of Town

TO-DAY, 9TH: BYSTANDER Girls' Open Championship begins, Stoke Poges; St. Leger Stakes, Doncaster.

THURS., 10TH: Portland Handicap, Doncaster; £100 Trophy swimming race, Palace Pier to West Pier, Brighton.

FRI., 11TH: Finals of BYSTANDER Girls' Open Championship, Stoke Poges; Doncaster Cup and Stakes.

SAT., 12TH: Alexandra Park and Ripon races; finals, Junior Tennis Championships, Wimbledon.

MON., 14TH: Warwick races (two days).

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
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PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Oonah Frances Walsh

Is the only daughter of Sir Hunt Johnson-Walsh, Bt., and Lady Walsh, of Ballykilcavan, Stradbally, Leix; she is engaged to William Frederick Kemmis, only son of the late Capt. T. H. Kemmis, of Maryborough, and Mrs. Kemmis, of Church Walk, Charlton-Kings

Douglas

Patricia Austin

Is the elder daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Austin, of Enmore, Barbados; her younger sister's engagement was announced in the "Bystander" in July and she is engaged to Richard Arthur Collins, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Collins, of 31, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1

Catherine Bell

Brenda Dorothea Gannon

Is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. R. C. Gannon, of Hurlingham Field Cottage, S.W.6; she is engaged to Capt. John Ackroyd-Hunt, R.A., son of the late J. Ackroyd-Hunt and Mrs. Ackroyd-Hunt, of Hove, Sussex

Bassano

Frances Joan Maitland

Announces her engagement to Herbert Richard Loughran, eldest son of the late J. W. B. Loughran, and Mrs. Ethel Loughran, of Crofton Lodge, South Norwood; she is the second daughter of the late Dr. Maitland, and Mrs. Ida Maitland, of Barleycroft, Oldham

Bassano

Peggy Josephine Wilton

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Wilton, of Norfolk House, Stanmore; she is engaged to the Rev. William Stuart Macpherson, third surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Macpherson, of Headingley Hall, Leeds

Navana

Margery Cooper

Is the second daughter of the late Sir James Cooper, K.B.E., and Lady Cooper, of Glenwood, Westcombe Park, Blackheath; her engagement is announced to Frank Ducker, third son of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Ducker, of 13, Glenluce Road, Blackheath

Pearl Freeman

Norah Finney

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Finney, of Willington, Beds., and formerly of Spondon, Beds.; she is engaged to Geoffrey Godber, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Godber, of Willington Manor, Beds.

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Pickwoad

Is the only child of Mr. W. A. Pickwoad, of Bolivia, and Mrs. D. A. Pickwoad, of Ascot Wood, Ascot; she is engaged to Captain A. J. F. Sugden, elder son of Captain and Mrs. Sugden, of Tankerton, Kent

Lenare

Betty Partridge

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Partridge, of 13, Langland Gardens, Hampstead; she is engaged to Peter Lawrence Jaimson, eldest son of Mr. Reginald and the late Mrs. Jaimson, of Greenpoint, Cape Town

Catherine Bell

Joyce Wheatley

Is engaged to Alexander Galloway, younger son of the late Sir James and Lady Galloway; she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wheatley, of 1a, Hanover Terrace, N.W.1; their marriage will take place in India in November

Lenare

Freda Williams

Freda Violet Henrietta Williams, only daughter of the late Sir William Williams, Bt., and Mildred Lady Williams, is engaged to Sydney Walton Hinde, eldest son of Colonel A. B. Hinde, O.B.E., of Pietermaritzburg, Natal

Pearl Freeman

Geofferina Churchill

Of Morebath, Devon, is the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. Cameron Churchill; she is engaged to Lawrence Twomey, younger son of the late Sir Daniel Twomey and Lady Twomey, of Bourne End, Bucks

Field — Steadman

Lieut. Patrick Lainson Field, R.N., only son of Captain and Mrs. J. L. Field, of Alverstoke, Hants., and Eileen St. J. Steadman, daughter of the late L. St. J. Steadman, and Mrs. Steadman, of Oxford, were married at Moulsford Church, Berks.

Satterthwaite — Quick

Paymaster Lieut.-Comdr. E. S. Satterthwaite, R.N., eldest son of the late C. S. Satterthwaite and Mrs. Satterthwaite, of 49, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5, and Janne Quick, second daughter of Mr. J. Telford Quick, of Littlewood, Virginia Water, were married at All Saints, Ennismore Gardens

Howard — Dechaume

The Hon. Edmund Howard, third surviving son of Lord and Lady Howard of Penrith, of 7, Egerton Place, S.W.3, and Mlle. Cécile Geffroy-Dechaume, daughter of M. and Mme. Charles Geffroy-Dechaume, of Valmondois, France, were married at St. George's, Taunton

Gilliat — Shaw

The Rev. Patrick Nevile Gilliat, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gilliat, of Levyl's Dene, Merrow, Guildford, married, at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, Noreen Frances Shaw, younger daughter of Bishop and Mrs. Shaw, of Christ Church, Oxford

MacKean — Coats

Ian MacKean, son of Major Norman MacKean, of Parkgate, Paisley, and Jean Stewart Coats, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Stewart Coats, of Heywood, Paisley, were married at Paisley Abbey, Scotland

Trotman — Brierley

At Hinton Church, Fiennes Trotman, only son of the late Fiennes Trotman and Mrs. Trotman, of Farrs, Beaminster, Dorset, married Susan Brierley, elder daughter of the late A. G. Brierley, and Mrs. Brierley, of Springsfield, Hinton St. George, Somerset

Bremner — Christian

Major Claude Bremner, M.C., of the Foreign and Political Government Department, India, married Anne Christian at St. George's, Sevenoaks Weald; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Christian, of Weald, Sevenoaks

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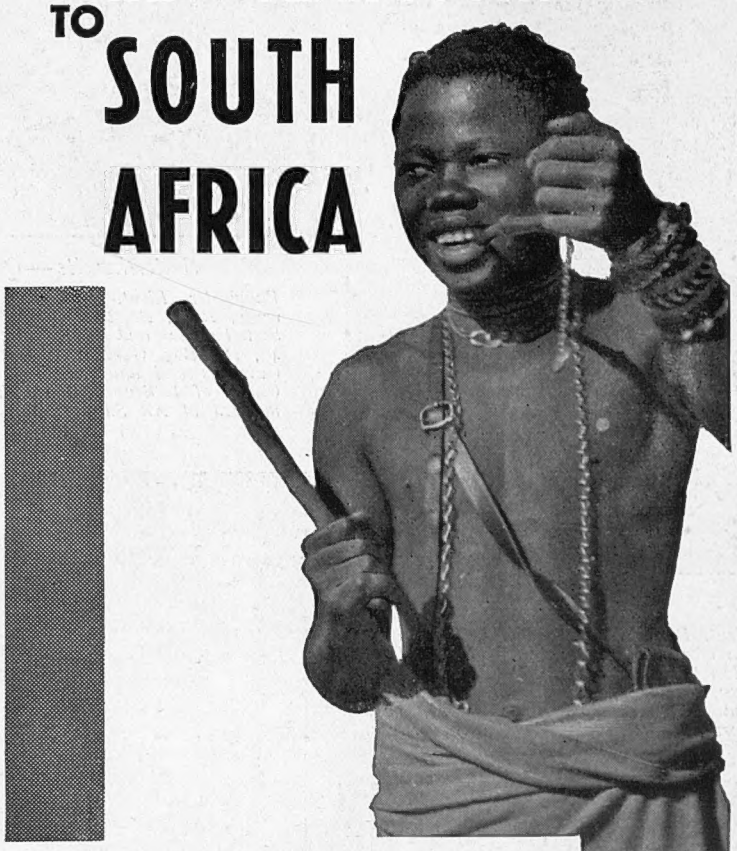

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